

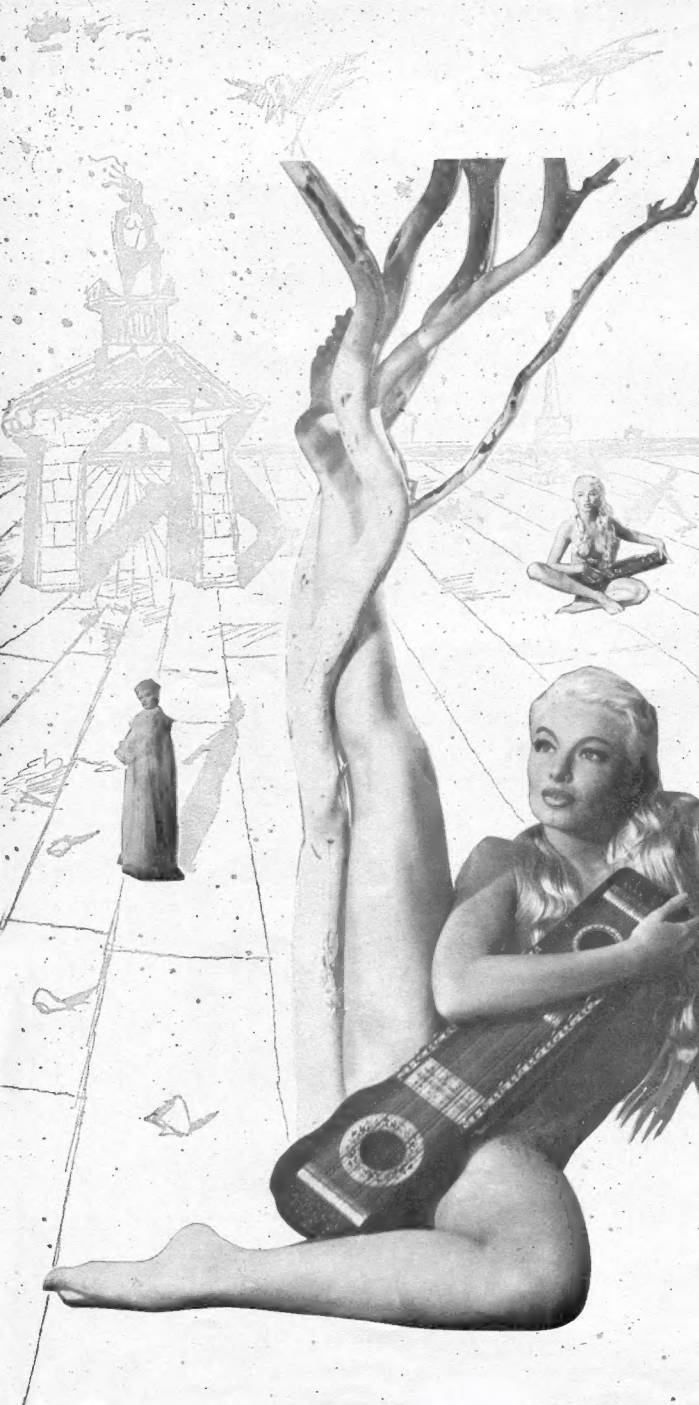
Escapade

MARCH, 1956

FIFTY CENTS



A CREOLE NIGHT (See Inside)



With this issue, **Escapade** passes the first important milestone in its career, and so perhaps our readers will bear with us if we indulge in a little bit of chest-thumping.

First a few rather imposing statistics: in six months, **Escapade** has more than doubled its circulation, a not inconsiderable feat in these days of stiff competition. Secondly, **Escapade** has received widespread recognition as one of the country's leading sophisticated men's magazines—recognition which has come not only through surging news-stand sales, but through subscriptions from every section of the country, and associations with the nation's top writers, artists and photographers.

But we are happiest of all to report that there is a growing feeling of comradeship between our readers and those of us here who produce this magazine for your entertainment. This is the kind of communion of spirit which makes putting out **Escapade** an enjoyable experience—an experience which we know all **Escapaders** in good standing share with us each month.

In keeping with our program of expansion, too, we recently moved to new and larger quarters in the Los Angeles area, where we can keep in closer contact with the wealth of writing, artistic and photographic talent which abounds in the magical land of Hollywood.

In the April issue, for instance, we will unveil for your visual appreciation the charms of Lili St. Cyr as she has never been photographed before (for a preview peek of what's in store, see the adjoining column—as if you haven't done so already!). Also, there will be fiction by Erskine Caldwell and other top writers; another famous **Escapade** in history; an Easter gift as interpreted by the artistic camera of photographer Andre de Dienes and one of his choicest models and . . . many more tantalizing bits of entertainment in the **Escapade** manner.



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barbs and balm...

THEY LIKE US...

DEAR ESCAPEE:

My congratulations on a publication that meets the desired requirements of a man's magazine.

I trust your editorial section won't succumb to bulk advertising and cater to the elite as one well-known magazine has done over the years. This magazine has little resemblance to the first editions of spice, art and fiction. Today, it's nothing but mass advertising, page after page, aimed at the guy who owns Lincoln Continentals and a yacht or two...

Your first issue to reach our newstands was Vol 1, No. 3 (December) and sold out in a few days. No elaboration needed here. But I wish to inquire what happened to Nos. 1 and 2? Since I missed the boat along with a few thousand other guys, I am most anxious to come by the two copies mentioned, by fair means or foul. Can you help?

Keith Bernard is not only to be complimented on his choice of Marguerite Empey and the finished product of his "labor" (he's not getting paid for this work, surely?) but on being a man to be envied for finding a job that is truly beneficial to all mankind...

BYRON W. KOLBERT
Austin, Texas

DEAR ESCAPEE:

I just finished reading your periodical and I think it is terrific...

C. P. KELLY
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Have just seen a copy of your fine magazine ESCAPEE. That I've gotta have!

I think it's one of the finest I've seen. I just returned from a three-and-a-half-year tour in France and they have nothing there that will equal your magazine, even though they're supposed to be ahead of us along those lines...

MAJ. WILLIAM N. DILLARD, USAF
Bunker Hill Air Force Base, Indiana

DEAR ESCAPEE:

I have just finished reading the December issue of ESCAPEE and I think it's jazzy... I especially go for the pin-ups; they are very choice.

And that "Yule Drool"; it's the most—and when I say the most, I mean the most... I go for those drinks very much. I also like Lorenzo Ghiglietti, the young artist whose distinctive cartoon style has moved the minds of ESCAPEE readers on more than one occasion.

And the stories—they are terrific, each and every one!

JOE PAGE
Detroit, Michigan

... BUT HE DOESN'T

DEAR ESCAPEE:

I have read your December issue through from cover to cover, not because I thought it was wonderful reading but because I noticed the book is published in San Diego. San Diego is my favorite town...

You probably know, without being told, that the December ESCAPEE's best story is the one by Ludwig Bemelmans. Bemelmans easily outclasses every-

body in the issue. Guy de Maupassant's yarn, "A Wife Confesses", was so-so.

Most of the other stories you printed in the issue were awful... That so-called story of humor and satire by Wuest, "No Sex-retary, She", was something that should have been published in some grammar school publication. And "Let Fog Be My Shroud", by Kermit Shelby, didn't belong in a book of this type. By the way, who is Shelby? A former or present member of a mental institution? I can't figure out how a sane person could write such a horrible piece of fiction of this macabre order. The rest of the amateur authors in your December issue ought to get more practice in writing before appearing in a 50-cent magazine.

The front-page illustration was very good, however. This cover saved your book from being a flop. It was timely and very touching. The cover caused your magazine to be sold out on newstands here in El Paso.

Keep punching; you'll improve.

H. EAGLES
El Paso, Texas

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The writers who appear in ESCAPEE have lost their amateur standing. We've got cancelled checks to prove it.)

ESCAPEE'S GIRL FRIENDS

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Please pardon me if I was prolific over the very charming Miss Empey you featured in your Holiday (December) Issue. To be brief, that young lady is about the best looking gal this jet jockey ever laid unvisited eyes upon and I'm afraid she kind of tore up all the visions I'd laid through laborious years as to just what type of sweet thing to take home to Momma.

She just flat destroyed my standards, which I thought were pretty high, and I'm afraid that here after anything else will be anti-climax. And this I decided upon viewing the face only, yet to discover the body.

A "rare child", indeed!...

LIEUT. BILL EDWARDS, USAF

DEAR ESCAPEE:

... We on the East Coast have a beef coming... we did not even have a chance to obtain the first issue of ESCAPEE and were told that the second issue (November) was the first to reach the East Coast...

I enjoyed all the swell jokes, and the swell cartoons, and the excellent stories. Even the ads were interesting.

But I especially liked the magnificent camera work done on Marguerite Empey! Give us more of that female!...

HARRY A. RIEGER
Erie, Pennsylvania

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We goofed. We underestimated the demand for the October ESCAPEE, and have received many letters like yours. Although it was sold extensively on the East Coast, there were simply not enough to go around. We're remedying that situation, we hope.)

DEAR ESCAPEE:

Enclosed herewith is my one-year subscription to your fine magazine. I would like to tell you my main reason for subscribing:

All the guys in my company who were

fortunate enough to get a glimpse of your impression of "A Co-Ed's Escapee" (November) went absolutely wild over the girl (Iris Bristol). That is, to say the least—and it definitely includes me!...

PVT. DAVE WILSON

APO 731, Seattle, Washington

BELATED RECOGNITION

DEAR ESCAPEE:

As poets have in the past, may I respectfully dedicate this, my most recent and unworthy offering, to you, my West Coast patron:

ANONYMITY

In days gone by I sought to reach my immortality

By breeding far and breeding wide with youth's vitality.

But time has closed that path to me by burning out my fuse,

And so I try another route—seduction of the Muse.

Here now my pen dips deep and well just as the other did,

And casts out seed on fertile ground—but still results are hid.

For I can get no legal child;

no offspring bears my name Of blood or ink, it matters not,

their status seems the same:

I father bastards on the Muse as I did on the maid.

And no one ever whispers low:

"Tadlock's made the grade."

MAX TADLOCK

Monterey, California

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This lullaby of frustration was written because we forgot to credit Mr. Tadlock, a very talented gent, with writing the well-received poem, "The Lay of the Lover", in the January ESCAPEE. We had the by-line set, but it got mislaid somehow in the paste-up process. Our apologies to Mr. Tadlock, self-styled "Lay Poet and Founding Father of Authors Anonymous".)

STILL MORE ON JAZZ, 1955

DEAR ESCAPEE:

In regard to your October, 1955 issue and specifically to Joe Kneffer's article, "Jazz, 1955", I have been meaning to write to you for some time.

It was just after your first issue hit the newstands, the first week, in fact, that my wife and I made a short trip to Detroit. The purpose of our visit was to listen to some fine music; namely, the Stan Kenton Orchestra, playing at that time at the Gay Haven Lounge in suburban Dearborn.


To come abruptly to the point, my wife, Lois, to two of our friends, and I had a very stimulating talk with Stan between sets. And your article on jazz came up in the conversation. While Stan had not read the article, the four of us and Ann Richards had. In short, there was a thorough hashing out of the present jazz situation.

Now, while I may not agree with some of the things that Brother Kneffer has stated so dogmatically, I found that your piece gave rise to some very profound thinking. Thanks for illuminating what possibly might have been a dark corner in the musical section of my mind. And best wishes for continued success in your chosen field of publication...

JOHN C. WHEELER
Radio Station WELL
Battelle Creek, Michigan



"My wife wants to borrow a cup of sugar"



Skating Date

By Kermit Shelby

Sitting upon the frozen bank of the pond, Carol removed her oxfords and pulled on thick stockings of wool over her silk ones before putting on her skating shoes. Heavy marsh-grass made a beige pad beneath her, as did her new coat. But this did not keep the cold out. It rushed up her dress in a quick cold streak — like ice-cream swallowed the wrong way. Cold stung her hands. The tips of her numb fingers fumbled unfeelingly for the shoe laces.

She stood, wobbling a bit as she pulled on her gloves. She had not yet learned to skate very well. The rigid steel runners of the skates beneath her feet gave her an added sense of tallness, as if she were walking on stilts. She moved stiff-kneed, cautious, her arms held out from her body in teetering, see-saw motions. The sleek green ice made her dizzy. All her concentration was on her feet. They seemed to want to travel in opposite directions.

Before her stretched the pond — glass green, unscratched, inviting. Upon its shining surface the afternoon sky was mirrored in dull grey. Naked branches of overhanging trees made a network of black. Bits of twigs frozen under the ice looked magnified. Around the edges of the pond the ice was white, as if milk had been mixed in it before freezing. In other places it was so clear she could see bits of green stuff growing far below, the moss on old wood.

Marvin's sweater flashed by, a streak of red, fanning warmth against her. He was testing the ice. "It's super." His smile made a white flash in his sun-browned masculine face. "Frozen hard as—" Already he was too far out upon the ice for her to hear.

He went skimming along in easy, measured strokes, gaining speed. And although Carol was not yet fifteen, she was acutely conscious of physical attraction in the graceful swaying of his lean boyish hips. Weaving inward. Weaving outward. He skated in a huge circle. His body slanted, he made a swooping turn, started back.

She held fast to a willow bush, watching him. Before his oncoming skates the ice shivered up in tiny crystal spray, like finely-shattered glass. Bits of it curled up into thin white shavings, fragile as pollen. It quivered. Was swept away by the wind. Behind him, a series of irregular long white scars.

Carol edged cautiously away from the safety of the willow. She thought, "He's coming back to help me." And the thought was mortifying. Maybe she shouldn't have accepted his invitation to come skating without first telling him she was a poor skater?

(Continued on Page 14)

The Dawn Of Love Brings The End Of Fear

PUNISHMENT DAY

The sand in the village square was spattered with flecks of syrupy crimson. In a couple of places it formed bright little pools, quivering like giant amoebae as the sand absorbed them. Punishment Day in Abish was quite a spectacle. I'd seen things like it before, but it still upset my stomach.

The executioner was a big, fierce-looking Arab with turned down lips and vehement black eyes. He was wearing a dirty brown *jahlibeah*, with a white turban twisted around his head. He handled his broad-edged sword as if it were an expensive surgical instrument.

It was quite a busy day for him. First, a thief had been brought forth to have one of his hands severed. Then a native, whose crime was adultery, was dragged into the square, his clothing pulled up, the vicious blade brought into contact, and a bloodchilling scream, accompanied by a spurt of flaming red, told the more timid onlookers — the ones who turned away — that he had paid the penalty.

The *grand finale* featured a murderer. His punishment was death! His hands and feet were tied. He stood trembling before the big native, his thick lips murmuring a fervent plea to Allah. The executioner took his time. He touched the razor-keen edge of his sword lovingly, studied his victim for a long, tense moment, and took a practice swing. The crowd, all dark men in light robes, strained forward, every man in it craning his neck for a better view.

The victim, tears running down his dark cheeks, was in the latter stages of collapse. Fearfully, his shoulders were hunched up and his head pulled down in a last desperate attempt to save his wretched neck.

The big Arab grunted, stepped back and suddenly jabbed the sharp point of the sword into the murderer's buttocks. The native reacted involuntarily, he stiffened, pulled his shoulders back, thrust his head upwards. In an instant the great blade flashed forward, glittering in the mid-day Arabian sun. It passed through the flesh and bone of the man's neck as though it were a wax candle.

(Continued on Page 18)



WHAT WOULD YOU DO.

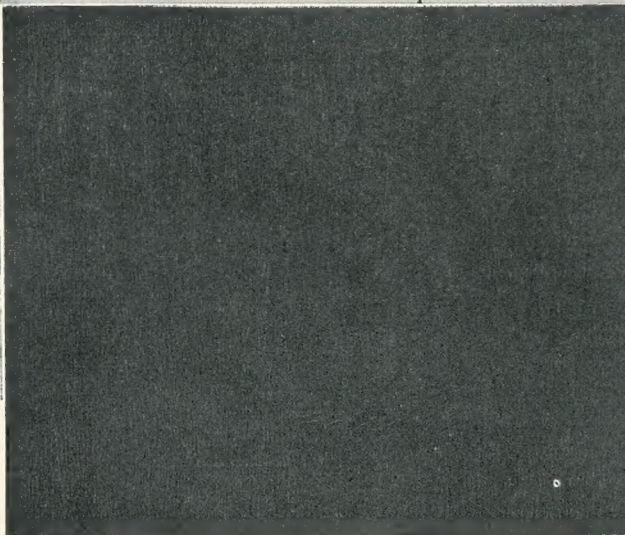
IF YOU WERE ESCAPADE'S ART DIRECTOR?

We liked the sensuality of this.



This kittenish quality appealed to us.

Think the job of Art Director is easy? Try it! Escapade received all of the pictures on the facing page for a layout of brunette Vivian Maledy, from which six had to be chosen. Escapade's Art Director selected those on this and following pages. Which would have been *your* choices?





Well . . . it took no genius to select this one!



Well, how do your selections compare with those of Escapade? Fun, huh? And for those who like statistics, we've gone to the trouble of obtaining the intriguing Miss Maledy's vital ones. She's 24; five feet, five inches tall; weighs 123 pounds, and measures 38-24-37. She has brown eyes and reddish-brown hair. If you're thinking of sending her a dog, make it a cocker spaniel. She'll also accept Nat King Cole records. No cats, please.



He whizzed past, not looking. But it wasn't every day a girl got a chance to go skating with a boy like Marvin Kennedy. Since he was no longer there to observe, she slid further out on the ice, her strokes becoming less self-conscious. *Take it easy, Carol, she reminded herself. You're not quite ready for the Ice Follies.* She smiled. Falling wasn't so bad. But landing. *Musn't muss your new coat with the fur on it.*

Mother had insisted that she wear her old coat. But Carol said this was special. If she couldn't wear her new coat, then she wouldn't skate at all. Her mother had looked at her strangely, giving in. But you couldn't go explaining how it a girl wanted a date with Marvin Kennedy, then that girl had better look her best. Of course, Marvin would never say a thing like that. But a girl knew. Last autumn, when Marvin had dates with girls after the football games, Carol noticed, it was with the better dressed ones. Girls went all out for Marvin. She was lucky, really. Being singled out like this.

Now that she was learning how to balance herself, the skating she had learned last winter came back. Why, it's like swimming, Carol thought. You don't really forget. She made longer strokes. In High School Monday she would mention — very casually, of course — that she had gone on a skating date with Marvin Kennedy. Then somebody would tell Jessie La Motte.

Carol had heard something terrible about Jessie La Motte. About Jessie and Marvin. It was hard to believe a thing like that. If she could get up enough nerve she was going to ask Marvin about it sometime, sort of casual like. If it was true— Isn't it odd, she thought. I could forgive Marvin. But Jesse La Motte I couldn't forgive, ever. Was that because she was jealous or something?

As Marvin turned back from the end of the pond the first flakes of snow began to fall. Thin flecks, almost transparent. But by the time Marvin reached her the flakes were bigger and whiter.

"Gonna snow." He was panting, cheerful. His breath made little white clouds of steam. Somehow this seemed nice.

"Yes." She sounded pleased. Together they looked up. The sky had deepened to a saffron color. In it familiar objects and the naked branches of trees stood against the horizon with startling clarity, black etched against brass. The bare cat-

tails, the buff marsh grasses stood unnaturally still. Their voices sounded hushed.

Marvin's glance took in the fur collar on Carol's coat. "We should worry," he said. "We're both dressed warm enough. Just so it doesn't get too thick for skating." He tagged her, and his eyes twinkled. "Want to play follow the leader?"

"I'm not a good enough skater for that." She thought it nice to pretend that he hadn't noticed. "If you could teach me to weave, though."

"It's dead easy. Watch." He made a sinuous movement with his hips and went gliding away. Carol tried to imitate him. Unsuccessfully.

"You'll catch on after you limber up." He coasted back, placed both hands upon her hips. "Give." He dug his fingers into the coat, pivoting her, then pulled her toward him like partners moving off into a dance.

"Don't." Carol's voice was shaky with self-conscious laughter. The touch of his hands, even through her clothes, set her crazy.

"I won't let you fall, Carrie." He steadied her, smiling. "There now."

"I'm not afraid of falling. Your fingers — tickle." Act casual, she told herself. You're used to dates with boys, pretend like. But he was racing away in swift strokes. She was shocked to find she wanted the touch of his hands upon her to be repeated. No other person's touch had ever made her feel like this. Sort of warm and crazy and reckless.

"Try it yourself now," he said circling back.

This time she did better. He coached her, keeping in front just beyond her touch and skating backwards. The snow made a white screen between them. The flat flakes now came shifting down in clinging shreds. They clung on Marvin's red sweater, on his gay neck-scarf, on his eyelashes. Behind them his eyes flashed blue, the whites startling white, the pupils big and round and sort of fascinating. Carol wanted to look into Marvin's eyes forever.

They circled the pond. Not once did he allow her to fall. "You can weave," said, finally. "Now. Let's skate partners?"

"Okay," Carol said, but not casually



"I'm your next door neighbor . . ."

as she hoped to.

They crossed arms, X-fashion. Her gloved hands inside his gloved hands. But it was just as though bare skin touched bare skin, Carol noted with surprise. Goose flesh stood out over her arms and legs. Her blood pumped thick and warm and felt sweeter than molasses. Her breathing was the hardest thing to control. She kept sucking her breath in in short, quivering gasps. Like a ninny. She did it every time Marvin's leg or hip happened to brush against her own. It ran her crazy. Yet — she wanted it never to end.

"Sa-ay, here." He slowed down, peering at her through the flying curtain of snow. "Want to rest? You're trembling."

"It's nothing." Carol brushed impatiently at a lock of hair. "I'll be all right." But she could not stop trembling.

"Are you cold?"

"No."

He stood looking down at her, puzzled, a bit worried.

"You're tired," he said. "We'll skate over to that little island yonder and let you rest." He steered her toward the blur of dull gold that arose from the center of the pond. Scrub willows grew here. And a tall thick crop of buff-colored flags, high on a dry mound. The flags parted, making crackling sounds beneath their skate-shod feet. When she sank upon them they made a carpet.

He did not sit beside her. He stood with the snow swirling between them, looking down in wonderment. Although the snow was heavier, the temperature was several degrees warmer than it had been when they left home.

"If you're cold, Carol," he said anxiously, "I'll dash across the pond and bring my overcoat."

"No, I'll be all right." She tightened her skate strap, avoiding his eyes.

"Girls are funny. You can't tell a thing from the way they act."

She removed a glove, pulling foolishly at its fingers. He reached over, removing his own glove, and lifted her hand. "You're freezing," he said. Irritation roughened his voice. "Why didn't you say so?" He began to rub the hand briskly against the sleeve of his sweater. He stood close, sharing his bodily warmth with her. Softly, she began to cry.

"This is — sort of silly. Isn't it?" She tried to sound grown up. If only she could stop trembling.

"It's not silly." He put his arm about her, drawing her close against him. But his actions were those of a big brother, she kept thinking. The



"Sure, I like storybook endings—but what have you been reading?"

way you would protect a kid from freezing. The snow floated down. It left shifting dark holes in the air, like open network of Nottingham lace curtains against a window glass. All about them the tall dry flags made an elastic wall.

Neither of them had ever known such isolation. He was on his knees, facing her. But as she rested limply on one elbow he fitted himself close beside her, close. It was as if she could feel his heart beating there inside the red sweater. Next to her own heart, thumping wildly. He didn't know what was going on inside her and she couldn't tell him. Through the semidarkness he stared at her as the sobs became more violent.

"Carrie?" he said softly, questioningly. He tried to make her look at him but she hid her face. He took hold of her shoulders and shook her soundly. "Carrie, you must tell me."

"It's — nothing." She kept twisting a piece of marsh grass.

"Tell me," he pulled her chin up, peering intently into her face. His lips fascinated her. She hid her face on his shoulder. He held her quietly. "Are you afraid?"

She nodded.

"Of the snowstorm?"

"Of course not." She sounded indignant.

"Of me?"

She did not answer.

He held her silently a while longer. When he spoke he no longer sounded puzzled. His tone was softer, soothing. "Don't be afraid, Carrie." His glove lay beyond them in the snow. His fingers stoked the lock of hair with the snow on it. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

They looked into each other's eyes like strangers who were beginning to understand. The pond was solid white all over now. She felt ashamed to have him know what was in her mind. But relieved because she needn't pretend any longer. She thought, *Now he will never speak to me again.*

But he was speaking. "Listen, Carrie. I'm not making this up. I *know* how you feel."

"You — do?" She felt unreal. This can't be me, she told herself. Not me and Marvin, talking about a thing like this.

The pupils of his eyes were big, his tone serious. His teeth flashed and his jaw took on a firmness, a manlike quality. "Once someone else — another girl, see — she told me about it. She told me how *she* felt. Only she wasn't a girl like you. She was — wise. I mean, she'd felt like this before. She'd been used to having dates with fellows — you know the sort of dates I mean — with fellows, like that. Then she moved away with her folks to this — this town.

(Continued on Page 49)



"Oh, pardon me — I thought you were my boyfriend!"

UP OFF YOUR KNEES, MEN



Moppet And Mom, The Gals Butt In The Clinches

Everytime I see a well-built young thing wearing an improbably upholstered sweater I feel that I should salute. But reason tells me them's not epaulets adorning her gracefully sloping shoulders but merely mammaries elevated to new heights of glorious womanhood by an Exclamation Point Bandeau.

Calling them "merely mammaries" is an ignorant understatement of their significance and impact. It's like calling the Grand Canyon "an interesting ditch". The female pectoral development, along with the curvature of her rump and the length and symmetry of her legs, has an awesome effect on most men. Nature has exercised enough artistry in the average girl to make the average man act like a Disney skunk inhaling the first warm draft of Spring at the sight of her.

Because men are conventional and full of inhibitions they tip their hats upon meeting a member of the opposite sex. What they really feel like doing is firing a stick incense and genuflecting. Girls have the effect of turning a William Jennings Bryant into a Roscoe Ates or a Fred Astaire into a "Mr. Two Left Feet" of the dance studio advertisements.

Upward of sixty million American women will bare their capped teeth in a snarl and want to know "wot's wrong wid dat — huh?" The answer is "puh-lenty and would you believe it." Purely from a selfish point of view the girls should put a stop to this ludicrous beatification of their charming but otherwise quite ordinary beings. It has already reached a psychotic level when a large percentage of the male movie-going public proclaims that a black and white shadow on a strip of celluloid is the love goddess of their secret hearts.

The girl of today, in the privacy of her lousy-with-sweet-mysterious-scents boudoir, looks into a pink-tinted mirror and sees a picture that she would have seen had there

been no looking glass there at all. It's the reflection of a living doll. Her appearance, she decides, is a more decorative and cultural contribution to the American scene than that of her husband. In fact, the master of the manor is a pretty sad mess with a perennial five o'clock shadow and a backside like a bulldozer. She is undergoing the vague stirrings of discontent which marriage counselors and other female deviates with shrivelled endocrine glands have labeled the "I could have done better" trauma.

Actually, she shouldn't complain. If there are certain refinements present in her person which are lacking in her mate, they are what make it possible for her to entrench herself on a prodigiously broad beam and direct the destiny of the man, who strains to provide her with the bed she sometimes shares.

The certain refinements are her all. Without them she is nothing. This was the revelation which came to Eve, like the sun breaking through the clouds on a washline full of scanties, in the Garden of Eden. It was what made it possible for her to make Biblical "hey-hey" with the serpent while Adam stood staring stupidly at a dish of applesauce.

A blueprint was drawn that day and mutant man has followed it ever since. The sight of a woman's gently swelling protuberances fore or aft trigger bursting Roman candles in his brain. His endocrine glands are agitated to internal liquid fire by the insinuations of gleaming smooth flanks. He forgets all. Mention that women have inferior physical stamina and he'll reply "what's that?" Suggest that the girls have an erratic concept of what constitutes fair and humane treatment of the opposite sex and his eyes will dull as he tells you that Nature intended women to be loved and cherished. Take the tack that the logic of our female friends is of a kaleidoscope variety and,

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The crowd gave a little gasp. But one sound among the heavy voices startled me. It was the shocked cry of a girl! As I turned to look around I heard the scuffling sound of the murderer's body hitting the sand. Some of the spectators were moving back to avoid the rolling head.

In the back of the crowd, face buried in her hands, stood a tall, slim, white girl, her knees quaking. I squeezed through the mass of smelling Arab bodies and caught her by the elbows just as she started to sink to the ground. She was dressed in a thin white summer dress that gripped the firm, well-rounded lines of her body, accentuating the night-black hair cascading over her shoulders.

I lifted her gently and carried her to the shade of the only palm tree in the square. She was warm and soft in my arms, making me realize how long it'd been since I'd held a white woman. I put her down easily. She wasn't unconscious, just weak.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, tossing her head back, looking at me with dazed black eyes. "Dad said there weren't any white men in Abish."

"Oil," I answered, sitting down be-

side her. "And whatinell are you doing here, watching an Arab execution?"

"I . . . I was wandering . . . there's nothing to do here . . . I saw the crowd . . ."

"Yeah . . . I know what you mean. I've been in this place two weeks and already it's driving me —" I stopped and looked at her. Her face was getting back some of its color. It wasn't a pretty face. The nose was a little too big, the cheeks were too high; but the eyes and lips made up for some of the imperfections. It was an eager face, clinging to every word I was saying.

"What are you doing in this part of the world, anyway?" I asked. "You're a couple of thousand miles off the tourist course."

"I'm not a tourist. I'm traveling with my father."

I must have frowned. She forced a smile across her face. She was beginning to look better to me. She did have a very ripe body.

"He's a writer," she continued

"Uses the name 'Harry Stevens'."

I winced.

"Harry Stevens? The adventurer? A crises every twenty-four hours? Faces

death three times a week?"

"You know him?"

"Sure, I ate his books up when I was a kid. Him, and Haliburton, and Frank Buck. Maybe they're the ones that made me come to this hole in the first place."

I pulled out my last pack of cigarettes, offered her one; she waved her hand listlessly.

"Not now." She stiffened her lithe body out on the sand, leaning back on her elbows. "You know, you're the first white man, besides my father, that I've talked to in weeks. What do you do?"

"Dig holes in the sand, looking for oil."

"Don't you find it rough, all alone out here on the desert?"

I lit my cigarette and looked at her through the smoke. She couldn't have been more than twenty years old; old enough.

"I speak the Arab lingo and travel with some Arabs from my company. Get along all right."

"I'm tired of traveling. But Dad is gathering material for a new book. He has to keep going."

"Where is he now?" I leaned in close to her. Homely girls are usually the easiest . . . and lonely, homely girls . . . they're a cinch. I had a big hungry ache. I'd been pretty careful about lifting veils in Arabia! I didn't want to meet that big Arab with the sword!

"He went out on the desert with some Sheikh, looking for some old ruins." She sighed, bouncing the sweet round curves of her breasts against the flimsy fabric of her dress. "I'm tired of ruins."

I dug my hand into the sand and let it trickle through my fingers.

"You feel all right now?" I asked.

"Yes . . ." she dropped her eyes . . . it was just the sight of all that blood! A shudder ran along her frame. "It was awful. I didn't know it was going to be that. I saw the crowd . . . and curiosity made me look."

"Death is never pretty." I rose to my feet. "Would you like to see the sights of Abish?"

She laughed and held out her hands.

I pulled her up against me. She didn't resist. She leaned her body on me for a long moment, her soft breasts touching my chest through my half-opened shirt. I took a deep breath. Her eyes told me she liked it.

"I've been here four hours." She said finally, her voice soft, almost a whisper. "I've seen all the sights."

"Where are you staying?"

"In the Sheikh's hut. Not exactly the latest word in comfort . . . but

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"You'll find these shoes ideal for streetwalking."

ABC's

for GROWN~UPS

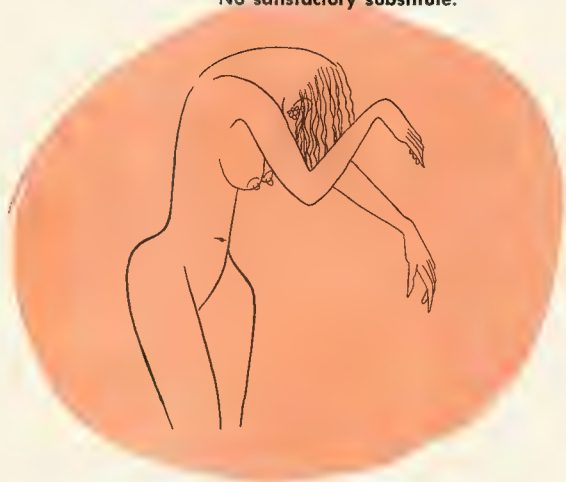
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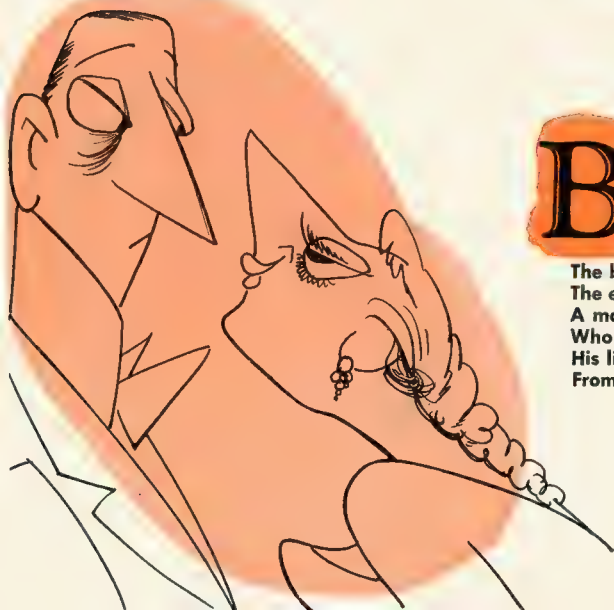
D is for DAME

Such things are said about her frame as:
"There's nothing in the world the same as."
She's called contrary through the ages;
Perverse and worse by scribes and sages.
We've found, in spite of hot dispute,
No satisfactory substitute.



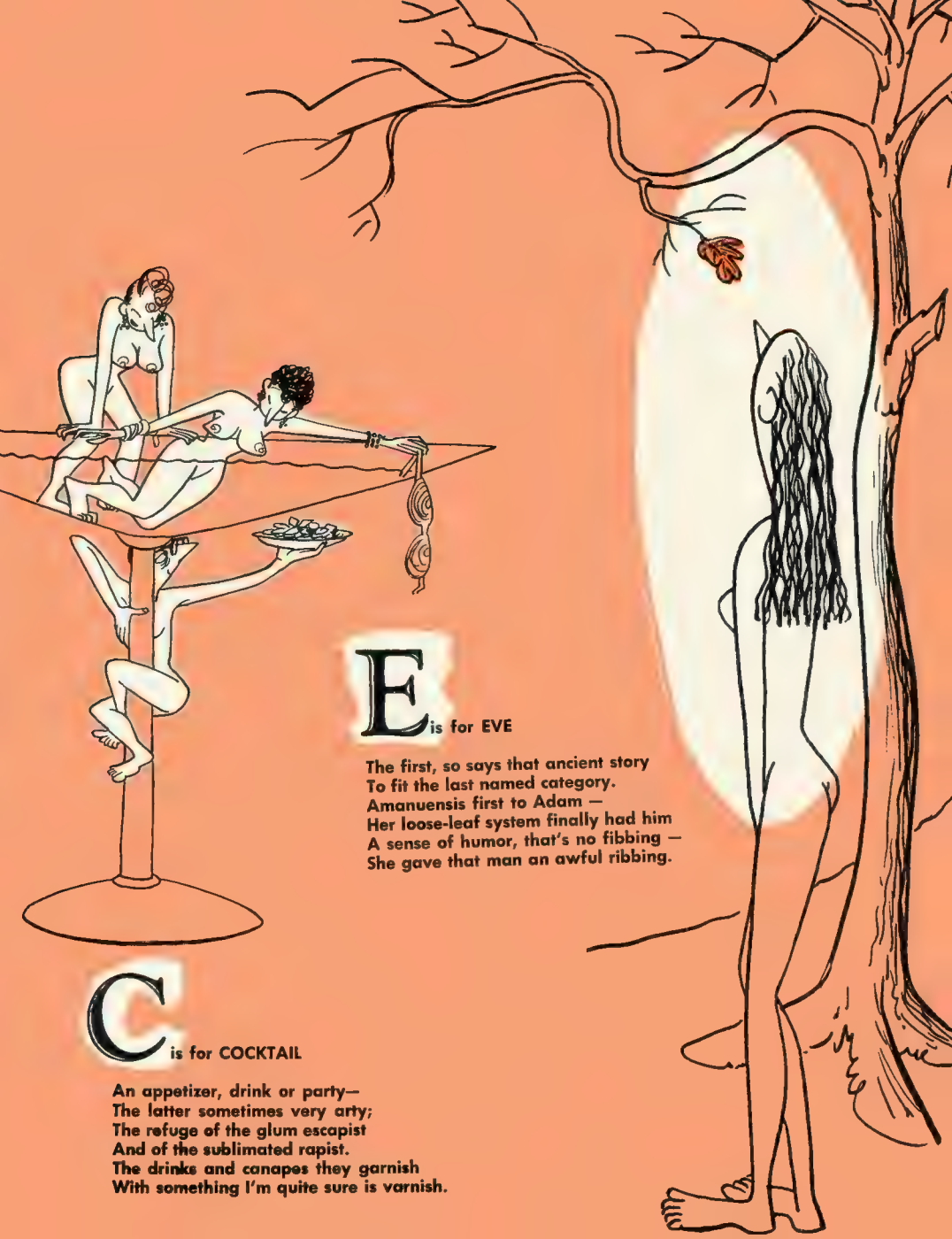
A is for AMOUR

What some maidens give their all for
And a salmon leaps a fall for.
At sweet sixteen it's so demure,
Then later on becomes mature.
The years pass by and it gets fewer
Until it's really quite obscure.



B is for BACHELOR

The bane of predatory females,
The envy of all married he-males.
A man who looks but does not leap;
Who knows that two can't live as cheap.
His life expectancy is shorter
From doing things he hadn't orter.



E

is for EVE

The first, so says that ancient story
To fit the last named category.
Amanuensis first to Adam —
Her loose-leaf system finally had him
A sense of humor, that's no fibbing —
She gave that man an awful ribbing.

C

is for COCKTAIL

An appetizer, drink or party—
The latter sometimes very arty;
The refuge of the glum escapist
And of the sublimated rapist.
The drinks and canapes they garnish
With something I'm quite sure is varnish.

In Which A Cynic Makes An Advantageous Purchase



CREOLE NIGHT

By CHARLES WINTER

When he was twelve, Bill ran across a book containing a picture of New Orleans in the exotic prose of Lafcadio Hearn. The city had since remained for him an enchanted place vaguely to dream about.

It happened unexpectedly that, on the way to a Florida training camp, he found he could spend a night there. For a few hours he would tramp the legendary streets of the Vieux Carré, which he felt he knew as well as those of his native Chicago.

A taxi took him from the station to a Royal Street hotel, where he hurriedly changed from uniform to mufti. His first impression was of shocked surprise

when he stepped from the hotel to a street as garishly lighted as one in the Chicago Loop. Where he looked for the old St. Louis Hotel, scene of historic slave auctions, was an immense monstrosity of a public building. Where the French Opera House should have been was a vacant lot. Belatedly, he remembered reading of the opera house burning down, and something about the walls of the St. Louis Hotel having become unsafe. Still, it was all very disillusioning.

However, as he strolled down Royal Street, things became better, though many of the houses had their ground floors remodeled to accommodate antique shops. There were dozens of these. Bill wondered where they could possibly get the things they sold and presumably had been selling for years. Even in New Orleans, the supply of antiques couldn't be inexhaustible.

He left Royal for a cross street and immediately felt happier. Here the old city looked as he had expected it to look. This particular street probably had changed little in the past hundred and fifty years. A momentarily opened door gave a glimpse of a stately vaulted stone passage leading to a courtyard with a splashing fountain against a background of exotic plants.

As it grew late there were comparatively few people on the streets, but several times Bill had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He wondered if the local police regarded strangers wandering around as suspicious characters. It seemed unlikely, in a tourist city. He was probably imagining it, especially as he couldn't spot anyone who seemed interested in him.

At last, growing tired, he glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes before

midnight. He leaned against a wrought iron lamppost on a dimly lit corner and tried to imagine the kind of life going on behind the little barred windows of the grim fortress-like houses which surrounded him. They were different from anything in his experience, certainly.

The deep shadows cast by the wall of a Renaissance palace on the tessellated pavement of the narrow alley which it faced suggested that even the moon was different from the northern moon he knew — rather like a stage moon — and the enormous low-hanging stars were like lights shining through a theater backdrop.

He breathed in the characteristic smell of old buildings with defective plumbing, mingled with the heavy odors of tropical flowers in hidden gardens. He remembered what Hearn had written about these old streets. Perhaps there still lived, behind the blank walls of the houses, beautiful, bored, reckless women, expert in exotic pleasures and strange vices, who would be interested in a more or less personable young man hungering for romance — if they knew of his existence.

He hated to go back to the prosaically modern hotel with no adventure to remember. He waited almost expectantly. It was now after midnight. There was not another person in sight along the deserted street and not a light visible in the tightly shuttered, dark houses. A medieval European city must have been very much like this. He might be in Francois Villon's Paris.

At this point in his reflections he felt a light touch on his arm. Startled, he turned to see a grinning, fat Negress.

"Better hurry, young gentleman," she said softly. "You have kept the lady waiting."

Now Bill was young and romantic, but he had spent most of his life in Chicago. He thought he recognized this adventure and it was not exactly the kind he was looking for. He smiled and shook his head.

The Negress repeated impatiently, "Come." Then she turned and waddled down the street, keeping out of the moonlight in the deep shadows of the houses.

Bill stared after her. Maybe it was worth taking a chance that the experience would be interesting. It might fit in with the stage moon and the meretricious looking stars and the intoxicating odors of the tropical flowers. After all, he had nothing better to do.

He threw away his cigar and followed the woman.

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PUNISHMENT DAY

(Continued from Page 8)

we've been living in tents for weeks."

We started walking. The marketplace was cleared now. The crowd had dispersed. Here and there a cluster of Arabs squatted in the thin shadows of the mud huts.

"How long are you going to be here?" I cast a sidelong glance at her. She walked as if she were on a rich carpet in a New York salon.

"Depends on Dad." She looked at me with those direct, frank eyes of hers. "We're still a long way from civilization, aren't we?"

"A million miles. Nothing here but sand, a hatful of Arabs, heat, a few scattered palm trees and, I hope, some oil."

"Is that all?"

"And you . . ." I had guided her around behind a cluster of huts. "And me."

I caught her wrist firmly and pulled her toward me. For an instant she strained away, then yielded. As our bodies touched, she expelled a long breath, quivering against me. I ran my hand up and down her spine, brought her face up to mine.

It was a long kiss. Her mouth was hot and soft. Her body pressed tighter, her hips making a little rotating

movement that told a story all their own.

I dropped my hand to the hem of her dress and slipped it up, underneath, along the cool expanse of her thigh. She pulled her head back.

"Not now." She whispered. "Tonight. Meet me tonight."

Harry Stevens was tall, balding, with a massive sun-burned nose set between two piggish eyes. The whiskey-ad type, dressed in a cool short-sleeved shirt and a pair of slacks that must have set him back fifty bucks. The second our eyes met I knew we were going to be enemies.

The Sheikh, a nondescript Arab in a white *jahlibeah*, was standing next to him. They both looked very unpleasant.

The girl introduced us as if we were at a Park Avenue cocktail party. We sat in the shadows of the Sheikh's hut, talking about the country, the heat, and the usual white man's complaints.

Finally Joyce — that was her name — excused herself and went inside to wash the sand off. The Sheikh also faded discreetly away.

"We've come a long way . . ." Harry Stevens began, after we were alone. "And I'm sorry now that I brought Joyce along. It's been a rough trip for her. She's been a good sport, hasn't complained, but I know she'd like

to get back to her old friends and comforts."

He had a way of talking out of the side of his mouth. I didn't like it. He focused his deep brown eyes on me.

"She's very lonely," he continued.

"Yeah . . . all this must be hard on her," I offered.

"I'd hate to have anything happen to her."

I nodded mutely, feeling like a heel. I knew I couldn't keep away from her. She'd started a fire in my body.

"Do you want to have supper with us tonight?" he asked.

"No . . . I'm sorry . . . I told my froggie I'd be back to my own hut for dinner. He's probably got it all ready." I glanced at my watch.

"Well . . . we're going to be here a few days. We'll have other opportunities."

"A few days?"

"Yes . . . I'm making Abish my base of operations, so to speak, while I prowled around the Empty Quarter of the desert."

"Nothing out there but sand."

"I hope to find . . . a . . ." he hesitated "some old ruins, Roman. I'll admit, though, it isn't much of a world for a professional adventurer anymore."

I prepared to leave, giving him some polite hogwash about how good it was to have some company for a change.

"I hope you remember what we talked about," he said, grimly. I don't want anything to happen to Joyce out here."

Five hours later, plenty was happening to Joyce. We met in the tiny Arab cemetery, behind the sand dunes in back of the village. As soon as I wrapped my arms around her she became a savage, panting animal. Her lips exploded in my face, her fingers clawed my back. We rolled, head over heels, in the sand, eventually settling into a throbbing mass of passionate flesh.

Two days afterward, I returned from a fruitless prospecting trip on the desert and Joyce came directly to my hut. Throwing off my gunbelt and canteen, I kicked the froggie out.

She grabbed me like a hungry boa constrictor.

In my eagerness, I did something that hurt her, or she didn't like. She brought one hand up suddenly and gave me a stinging slap across the face. I got mad, shoved her back, belting her across the cheek. She jumped me like a wild leopard, tumbling both of us to the floor in a frenzied struggle that was half sex and half anger.

We finished, bruised and satiated. She slipped back into her thin dress.

(Continued on Page 43)



"Come in, come in, whoever you are . . ."



Corliss Archer Grows Up

By WAYNE CARTER

On television, there's a periodic invitation to "Meet Corliss Archer." And, on a recent rainy afternoon in Beverly Hills, California, we did. And we're glad.

This may come as a shock to numerous sweet old ladies, but Corliss, in the delightful person of Ann Baker, has grown up. The occasion of our tryst was her emergence from the cocoon of teen-agery into a glamorous young woman. As this miracle happened before our very eyes, we are in an excellent position to report upon it fully.

The place was Bungalow 9 of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and among those on hand to record the event for posterity and *Escapade* was Sam Wu, a remarkable artist whose specialty is photographing Hollywood's loveliest young women. The results of his endeavors on that rainy afternoon are produced on these pages.

When we first met Ann (the impulse

Dexter has been pretty indifferent lately. Maybe he's got a point.

to call her "Corliss" came naturally and was hard to ignore), her honey-blond hair was done up in the familiar Archer ponytail, and her pert, five-foot, two-and-a-half-inch figure was encased in a pair of old blue jeans and a man's shirt. She wore bobby sox and battered loafers. She looked about 16.

Ann, who is really 23, was called upon to impersonate a teen-ager for the last time and, even at a distance of only a few feet, it was convincing. Her movements and expressions were those of a young girl. She relaxed naturally into the coltish positions of a youngster. The photographic session, recording her transformation, went smoothly. Make no mistake about it; this nice and natural young lady is a professional and competent actress.

As Sam's camera clicked off shot after shot, Ann shed the clothing of Corliss Archer, smoothed her hair into a sleek golden helmet and became a grown-up woman. Perhaps not a woman of 23, but she did look, in the last poses of the day, about 20. And very, very sophisticated.

Perhaps the proportions of her figure — the vital statistics are 35-21-34 — had something to do with it. But more important to Ann and her burgeoning career in motion pictures and television is the fact that, despite her youthful appearance, she is a genuinely mature and intelligent person, as well as an extremely attractive one. (Hearst's *American Weekly* only last year acclaimed her as one of the five foremost young beauties in the United States).

Although pretty lustrous, the aforementioned career is only about three years old. Ann's a Sedalia, Missouri, girl, the youngest of eleven children. In that small town she grew up just about like any other depression-day child, but her remarkable good looks were in evidence at an early age.



"Hey, Dexter — do you think I'm getting too big for blue jeans?"

(Continued on next page)



**(Boy! Am I
glad to get
rid of those
jeans!)**

(Continued from Page 25)

"I'll never forget how proud Mom and Dad and my four brothers and six sisters were when I was chosen Queen of my senior class at Smith-Colton High," she recalls. "We were always a happy clan, in spite of some lean times."

When Ann was 16, a motion picture was previewed in Sedalia, and she was chosen Queen of the festivities. That was her first contact with show business, but it's been her first love ever since. The following year, she was named Queen of the American Royal, known as the Mid-West Mardi Gras, in Kansas City.

She got another big break after she came to Hollywood and began her career as a photographic model when she was selected unanimously by the Hollywood newspaper writers of the Los Angeles Press Club to reign as their Queen, or "Miss Eight Ball." In previous years, this honor had gone to, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Mamie Van Doren, Mary Murphy and Marla English.

Of course, her biggest break came when, after several hundred girls had been tested for the role, she was awarded the part of Corliss Archer on television. Playing a pretty, popular teen-ager before an audience of several million each week established her firmly in her chosen field.

In the couple of Hollywood years that preceded the TV filming of the Corliss Archer

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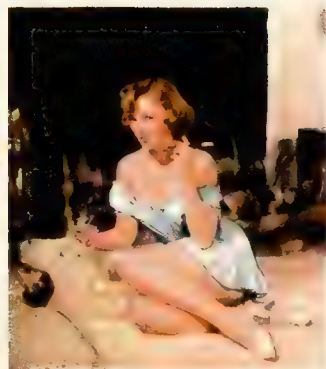


**"So do I. Stick around
and get a load of the
new Corliss Archer!"**





"Gee, Dexter — I turned out real cool!"





"Doctor... is that you?"



Gouda 'nuff!

The true *gourmet* spends a lot of time thinking about, talking about and *eating* cheese. In this, he has much in common with the peasants of the world, for cheese is, perhaps, the most universal of processed foods.

Cheese-making has been developed into a fine art in such countries as France, Germany, Norway, Holland, Switzerland and Italy, and to many lovers of good food, Wisconsin is the noblest state in the Union because of the quality of the cheeses which come from there.

Sharp, well-aged Stiltons from England; Camemberts, Roqueforts and *bleu* cheese from France; Leiderkranzen, Limburgers and other

aromatic blends from Germany; wonderful Nokkel-ost from Norway; delicious Swiss from Switzerland; the unique Cascavallo (horse cheese) from Italy—these all have their following among *gourmets* and *gourmands*.

But there are many others, ranging from the crude curd cheeses of primitive African tribesmen to the mild, soft “jack” cheese of California’s Monterey peninsula. All have their merits, and all contribute to the well-being of those who eat them, for cheese is recognized as one of the healthiest and most nourishing foods there are.

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For the skin she loves to touch
(Ermine, sable, mink, and such)
Daddy long has gone a hunting.
(No rabbit for this Baby Bunting!)





*"Whaddya squawkin' about? I brought her home
instead o' wastin' dough on a hotel, didn't I?"*



"How!"

1956 JAZZ FORECAST : COOLER



THERE'S A MUSIC FOR OUR TIMES

Generalizations are frequently hazardous and never completely true, but it's reasonably safe to observe that, in general, people who listen to Cole Porter on a Hammond organ are forty or older; people who listen to "folk music" usually drink beer; people who prefer swing have an average of two and a half children, and bop and progressive music are for the young in heart, if not the exclusive property of youth.

Now that "Lullaby of Birdland" and "Moonlight in Vermont" are virtually standards and the voice of Don Elliott is as easily recognizable to most listeners as that of Bing Crosby, it takes no particular courage to predict that the jazz climate will be progressively cooler in 1956.

There are plenty of definite signs that such musical aberrations as rock-and-roll, rhythm-and-blues and (ugh!) "western swing" are on their way out.

Granted that there will always be sincere devotees of that legitimate jazz characterized as "hot", and granted that there will always be someone to listen when a driving Dixie combo plays; this is definitely the era of the cool man who has been struggling for recognition and a wider audience.

For it has come to pass that a younger generation, listening with a sharp and wary ear, has rejected much of the music that had meaning for their recent forebears. Their sharpness is a cerebral quality, and their wariness comes from an instinctive distaste for the phony. These kids *have* to be pragmatic realists; they've got a screwy world to contend with and they live with the H-bomb.

So their music must conform to the social climate in which they live. It's loaded with kicks and jollies and an occasional heart-throb, but its drive comes from urgency, not relaxation. The cleaner, the sharper, the more biting, the better.

There is a school which contends that music is primarily an avenue of escape from the trials and tribulations and hazards of living. This school holds that harassed and worried and frightened people can "escape," through music, into a soft dream-world of false sentimentalism, therein to gather courage to face life anew.

But this raises a number of doubts. What, for example, is the purpose of martial music? Is it to make soldiers forget the horrors of war, or to inspire them to accept those horrors bravely? What about religious music? Is it intended to make the devout forget their wrathful God for a moment? Or to become more aware of Him?

Worthwhile music of any kind has never, as a matter of fact, been conceived as an escape. And the only valid music — as with any other art — is that which reflects the spirit and tempo of the times.

So much for metaphysics, an inviting trap into which writers on music and kindred subjects are wont to fall. First thing you know, you have what editors refer to as a "think piece." And that's bad.

So, back to the forecast.

When the weather man goes to work on a prediction, he examines a wealth of data, including maps upon which various "fronts" are delineated. There are "cold fronts" and "warm fronts," all moving in ascertainable directions. From the direction and speed of the movements of these fronts, the weather man is able to foresee where and when they will meet. And, from past experience, he is able to predict what will happen when these meetings occur, in terms of wind velocity, precipitation, temperature and humidity.

Using the techniques, if not the equipment and data, of the weather man, let's see if we can make our prediction for a cooler musical climate a valid one.



By JOE KNEFLER

To begin with, there are large "cool fronts" on both the East and West coasts, in the larger cultural centers, and they appear to be moving toward each other. Between them lie a number of fronts varying from "hot," through "warm" and "cool," to "cold," which is not the same as "cool", at all.

The hottest of the larger fronts is in the Mid-West, where swing and Dixie are favored still. The coldest lie in the South, Southwest and extreme Northwest, where the hills are still full of billys, or "folks." There are smaller islands of hot among the cool, and cool among the cold, but the main trends are not changed by these eddies.

The major cool fronts were formed in the late Forties, at the tail end of the war and while the big swing bands were riding the crest — Goodman, Basie et al. On the East Coast, it was Gillespie and Parker who came on with the new sound. And in Hollywood, there was a chap named Boyd Raeburn. All of these drew inspiration from Stan ("The Man") Kenton, as did a host of other young and talented musicians who were quick to respond to the stimuli of the fugue and four and flatted fifth.

The new sound almost died aborning, smothered in the mass of musical fads and phyness that mushroomed during those hectic years. Recording companies discovered echo chambers, massed violins and choirs; the cowboys climbed off their horses and picked up guitars; Dixie and the Blues found fanatical followers everywhere, and anyone who had ever sat in on a recording session with Bix or Armstrong got himself a combo together and found a job on 42nd Street or Hollywood Boulevard.

It wasn't great, but it was loud.

But it wasn't all bad, either. There was good swing and some good vocalizing (Sinatra, Christie, Fitzgerald). And the new sound began to come through.

Diz took his trumpet (the straight one) and his band out to Hollywood and played a historic date at Billy Berg's on Vine Street. Lines of eager auditors, four abreast, waited outside to pay the town's only cover charge while inside

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City Mouse, Country Mouse

By JOHN MAGEE

Like it or not, the move today is to the suburbs. And that goes not only for Dad and Mom and the kids, but for gentlemen bachelors as well.

In fact, it is considered quite fashionable among the more progressive gay blades to own, or at least rent, private domiciles, the farther out into the country the better. Some of the more energetic and imaginative souls have even taken over the job of remodeling ancient and dilapidated farm houses. And, among the *avant garde* of the new movement, the intrepid young man who dabbles in gardening or affects a hobby of chicken-raising or dog breeding is neither appraised a mental cripple nor a cultural under-privileged.

But the large majority of unmarried males are still inveterate city dwellers, hopelessly wedded to an asphalt regimen. The economic facts of life being what they are, the reasons for this urban preponderance are obvious. But individual choice is a large factor, too. There are those to whom even hotel potted plants represent a certain departure from civilization. To them, suburbanism evokes only unpleasant images of David Crockett-obsessed children, pin-curved femininity and television-inspired weekends.

Too-prolonged sojourns outside city walls are perilous, they insist, and not a trifle unhygienic.

Furthermore, they point out, a gentleman attempting to woo a lady from a suburban headquarters would be working under a heavier handicap than a Shetland pony in the Kentucky Derby. But proponents of the other school argue that the suburban immigrant retains not only the advantages he enjoyed in the city, but has at his disposal all the untapped resources peculiar to country living.

The truth is probably somewhere in between, admitting there are two sides to a coin.

The urban bachelor who wines, dines or theaters his girl is always within cab-hailing distance of his abode. An apartment at hand is often worth two houses in the bushes. Convenience is certainly an inducement in persuading a dimpled damsel to drop up to the flat for a nightcap.

Too, if you become entangled with

a mouse, it's soul-comforting to know you can always convoy her to the nearest taxi and send her home. Same, too, if you're the virile type and often faced with the happy problem of whisking one gal out of your apartment before the late date is due to arrive. Also, it is cozy to realize that on evenings when you're curled up with nothing but a book, an old flame (or perhaps a newly struck one) might drop by unexpectedly.

No small consideration, either, are the innumerable opportunities afforded an apartment lessee in making the acquaintance of fellow leasees of the opposite sex: in the lobby, on the self-service elevator, at the party next door, not to mention that greatest of all architectural boons to bachelorhood, the sundeck.

We even know one eager egomaniac who deposited a picture of himself in each mailbox in his apartment building (there were 300 units) along with his name, apartment and telephone numbers, and the terse order: "Call me!" The response was a commentary on the effect of advertising on the feminine mind.

The suburban bachelor has it good too. His lord-of-the-manor pose imparts an aura of respectability and sincerity, important attributes if he's cad enough to dangle matrimony as come-on bait. To any woman, a house is a substantial down payment on a marriage.

Whereas an apartment offers only privacy, a house goes one step further and provides relative seclusion. There's never any worry about keeping party noise down: the upstairs neighbor is non-existent.

If the girl friend is less prone to view favorably an invite to the country than to a city apartment, once she is in the sticks she is going to be less inclined to rush home. By the same token, although the suburban bachelor never has the pleasure of unexpected guests to while away his lonely evenings, neither does he ever have to worry about the wrong gal ringing the doorbell at the wrong moment.

Furthermore, even though his immediate cruising grounds may be somewhat limited, his domestic offerings are somewhat more attractive.

From a feminine standpoint, there is a difference in an invitation to an apartment for a cocktail and an invitation to a gentleman's home for barbecue steaks or a rousing game of badminton on the back lawn. Besides, you can serve cocktails on the patio, a welcome change from the usual locale. And, although the suburbanite may have to forego the sundeck as a source for replenishing his address book, you'll never find an apartment equipped with a genuine fireplace. And, you know what genuine fireplaces are for.

The important thing to remember is, whether in the city or suburbs, a gentleman's quarters should also always reflect his personality and character. And if he has no personality or character, it should give him the appearance of having those qualities. A bachelor's abode should never serve primarily as a place to climax a prearranged seduction or to continue an already existing affair.

Instead, a bachelor's apartment (or house) can and should serve as an aid to seduction. Properly decorated, it will swing half the deal for you. It should be warm and cozy and in impeccably good taste. It should complement a lady's beauty. Its decor should have an air of elegance and individuality. It should manifest, to some degree, every girl's dreams of a dream house.

A friend tells of a lovely lass whom he pursued unsuccessfully almost to the point of despair. He was on the verge of throwing in the towel when she called one evening and suggested dropping by for a quick one. It was a fatal mistake. She took one tour of the place and was completely captivated. She snuggled up on the sofa, rapturously contemplated her surroundings, and allowed as how she was on the verge of losing her honor and didn't give a damn.

As we said, your dwelling should reflect what you are, or what you would like people to think you are. We offer no specific advice on furnishings. That is a matter to be threshed out between you and your taste and your pocketbook. But, don't clutter up the place with pictures of Mom and Dad. They are just dandy folk, we're sure, but their photographs have no place in a bachelor apartment. The same goes for pictures of girl friends; you as a baby; you, period. The reasons for this should be obvious. Also, school days may have been just one big happy ball to you and your fond memories of those years are probably quite legitimate, but trophies, diplo-

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"In the Spring a young man's fancy . . ."

FASHIONS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA

By REGINALD TRIPPE III



A Spring style-setter is this four-button, center-vented suit in light grey worsted, worn here with tab-collared white-on-white shirt, off-white cravat and black shoes. About \$125.



Careful detail marks this three-button tan tweed sports coat, correctly worn with charcoal-brown flannel slacks and cordovan shoes. Note the flapped breast pocket. The coat about \$90.

(Continued on next page)

Fashions for Spring, 1956, are marked by a return to the "gentlemanly look," to coin a somewhat stuffy phrase. Almost universally abandoned are the high-rise, multi-pleated trousers of recent years, and the shoulder-padded "drape" jackets. The young man who cares today will wear three- or four-button jackets with high, narrow lapels, "natural" shoulders, back center-vent and conservative lines. His trousers, be they slacks or part of a suit, will be low-rise, often generally, about 21 inches at the cuff. Slacks will or "pegged," 18 inches at the strap. Materials also will be on the conservative cashmere herringbones in the charcoal tones; shades; imported silk random weaves, and, of course, the tweeds which give the male animal an opportunity to express his urge for bright plumage. In sport jackets, innovations include slash, or "hacking" pockets; flapped breast pockets, and collar tabs. The English tab collar, both round and square, will mark shirt styles and the thoughtfully groomed young man will favor oxford cloth in plain colors, madras in candy stripes and broadcloths in white-on-white weaves. The long-favored Argyle hose have been relegated to relaxed hours in the country, and taking their place for town wear are imported plain-colored woollens, sometimes modestly clocked with silk. There's big news in shoes, the low-lined, fine-detailed, assuming a new importance. comparatively thin-soled Italian models Cordovans and blacks are favored, tweeds and rough flannels the classic although for country wear with brogues in brown tones remain popular. In sport shirts, look for a big swing to light jersey weaves of wool or cotton, some elaborately striped, with half-sleeves and conservatively cut collars. Another favorite for casual wear will be light, multi-striped jerseys, or "T-shirts," collarless and comfortable. On cool days, or in light showers, the golfer will wear a mod-ification of what has become known as the "Eisenhower jacket" (we're non-partisan), done up in Irish poplin and having flapped pockets for carrying score cards, spare tees and an extra ball. The collar will bear tabs for buttoning at the throat. Accessories will also bear the subdued look; the regimental striped rep tie in the new narrow cut has returned to favor, along with conservative over-all patterns of small figures. Many young men have taken a fancy to the bow, which goes particularly well with the high-lapeled jacket, and, of course, the plain-colored knits are still acceptable. One of the most sensible of all wardrobe items, the slipover sweater, also has returned to favor (cashmere preferred). The sleeveless variety is properly worn under a jacket, while long-sleeved models may be worn with slacks. The sporadically popular Tattersall waistcoats in bright colors seem to be declining in favor but are still worn in some areas. For those who cling to the hat-wearing tradition, the cap remains the choice; caps back strap and narrow bill. Of satisfactory substitute for the without a detachable lining. And, for a nice touch, wear the new belts of patterned fabric in bright plaids, plain woollens, linen, leather trimmed and brass buckled.





BUNCE

PARIS, CITY OF LIGHT

By
Harry Roskolenko

Cafes dance their bastard images
Sculpting pallid diversions of flesh;
A complex nightmare, darker, perverse,
Superintends these alleys of tension.

At any hour's emotional chart,
The cafes whine their fleshy desolations;
So many architects have built this dream . . .
So many arts enhanced this innocence . . .

These streets, ancient in depravity, carve
Analogies in darkness,
Brutal as truth, as depth to black,
They glow erotically.

Midnight's exotic aspects embrace
The escalator line of women; like barber poles
They motor on thin ankles
Bulging the fat authority of whores.

eight people sat at jammed-together tables designed to accommodate two and sipped what was perhaps the worst liquor ever concocted at no small expense. But they were happy.

Among those on hand to dig Diz and The Bird were a lot of young men with horns and ideas. The Los Angeles branch of the American Federation of Musicians has always included on its roster the names of many of the nation's best musicians, lured to the West Coast by the pay scale established for studio work. At that time, the work-week for a studio musician was something like thirty hours, which gave the sidemen a lot of time to gather 'round for jollies. And gather they did.

One of the spots they frequented was a San Fernando Valley hideaway called The Driftwood, where, on the traditional musicians' Tuesday night off, were held some of the greatest sessions known to man. These were not the usual jazz-tavern "jam sessions" (Sunday afternoons from 2 until 6) but spontaneous, off-the-cuff get-togethers at which only the most assured cats would venture to sit in. These sessions were never advertised and at least ninety-nine per cent of the crowd were professional musicians. The other one

per cent was made up of talented amateurs.

What they played at the Driftwood was bop and progressive jazz.

And, only a mile or so down the road, was a tavern featuring the "music" of Roy Hogwallow and his Buckaroos. Roy's boys didn't get Tuesday night off. They probably didn't even belong to the Union.

Thus began the major West Coast "cool front".

Presumably, the same sort of thing was going on around New York, for the formation of the cool front there was virtually simultaneous with events on the West Coast. And there was communication between the two areas as musicians, like troubadors of old, wandered from East to West, carrying the message.

In the early Fifties, the West Coast front expanded with explosive speed. Impetus was added by a number of "Jazz At The Philharmonic" concerts which were received by an enthusiastic public, many of whom became aware of the cool sound for the first time as they listened to Brubeck and Mulligan and the others.

Down at Hermosa Beach, a seaside resort near Los Angeles, at a tavern called the Lighthouse, there was a

group headed by Shorty Rogers which included such experimenters as Maynard Ferguson and Shelley Manne. They played the new music with a new flair which became identified as the "West Coast sound". To many listeners, this identification was without meaning.

In 1954, Pacific Jazz Records taped and eventually released two "Jazz Goes To High School" concerts by a group led nominally by Gerry Mulligan. With Mulligan on baritone and piano, the personnel included Chico Hamilton on drums; Red Mitchell, bass, and John Eardley, trumpet. At the first concert, in the Stockton, California, High School auditorium, Dave Brubeck sat in for kicks. A month later, at the Hoover High School auditorium in San Diego, Zoot Sims and Bob Brookmeyer joined the group. The sides that came out of these concerts ("Blues Moving Up", "Little Girl Blue", "Piano Blues", "Yardbird Suite", "Utter Chaos", etc.) made jazz history.

The rise of Don Elliott has been phenomenal, but it comes as no surprise to those acquainted with the work of this versatile virtuoso. Not only is he a pleasing and intelligent vocalist, but he also is proficient on a

(Continued on Page 55)



A very pretty young girl, returning from a visit to her doctor, called him on the telephone.

"Doctor," she said, "did I — er . . . ah — did I leave my panties in your office?"

"Why, no, you didn't," the doctor informed her.

"Oh, now I know," the girl exclaimed. "I must have left them at my dentist's!"

"I hope Dad doesn't notice these rips," she muttered, examining the torn cloth.

But Dad *did* notice!

Walking back, through the cold desert darkness, to the Sheikh's hut, we met her father suddenly. He stood in our path, feet spread apart, hands on hips, his fingers beating a little tattoo against his thighs.

"I thought you were sleeping!" he snapped, his eyes narrowed, surveying his disheveled daughter.

"I . . . I decided to take a walk." She ran her hand nervously through her rich black hair. "And I met Mike . . ."

He turned his face towards me.

"I want to speak to you," he growled.

"Dad . . ." Joyce began. "He . . . we . . ."

"Get back to the hut, Joyce!" he ordered.

She lowered her head, looked at me almost shyly out of the corners of her big eyes. I nodded, indicating she should go. She glided quietly off into the blackness without looking back.

"I should've had more sense than to bring her out here with me," the old man muttered, his head bent. Then he straightened up and took a step toward me. "I don't want her mixing with someone like you."

"She's the first white woman I've seen in almost a year," I said, facing him squarely. "Do you think I could just ignore her?"

"I suppose you . . . you . . . and she . . ." He didn't finish. He could read it in my face. "I told you to leave her alone."

The fist came out of nowhere! Even though I was firmly braced, it rocked me off my feet. The old guy must have put all his strength behind that one blow. The sand came spinning up into my face.

I rolled over and started to get up. Apparently the old man was satisfied, for he turned and went striding off across the desert.

I wanted to run after him, beat him to a pulp; but two things held me back — a feeling that I couldn't exactly blame him, and a reluctance to do anything that would hurt Joyce.

In the morning I returned to Joyce's tent. She was inside, glumly packing her things.

"Dad says we're leaving this afternoon," She spoke throatily.

She was wearing a pair of shorts with a halter that showed just enough cleavage to start my blood coursing.

"Where is he now?" I asked, edging towards her.

"Out on the desert . . . his work is nearly finished here." She snapped the bag shut, moving close enough for my shoulders to touch briefly. I wanted to grab her, and did.

"Don't you ever get enough?" she asked. Her eyes were strangely cold. I realized everything was over between us, and I didn't want it to be.

"I'll sure be happy to leave this country," She sighed.

"And me?"

Her homely face tilted towards me. It was hard, almost ugly.

"We had fun, didn't we?"

"Your father thinks you're little Miss Innocent."

She tried to force a smile. It came out a grimace.

"Parents are always like that, I suppose. Hate to see you grow up."

"Joyce . . ."

"I'd be glad to stay," she said, "but you know what Dad will insist on."

"I know." If she was prettier, my thoughts stabbed, and I hated myself for it. To her: "It just wouldn't work out here."

"I know. It's why I was packing."

The sharp, disturbed snort of a camel ended our conversation. There was a sudden flurry of activity outside. Harry Stevens' deep voice rumbled angrily in clumsy Arabic.

I tensed myself. Joyce rose to her feet, the color draining from her worried face. Her father ducked through the doorway into the room.

"We're going to have trouble with this damned . . ." He stopped, seeing me for the first time. "What are you doing here? Didn't you learn your lesson last night?"

I felt the muscles in my arms tighten. Closing my fists, I headed towards him.

"About last night . . ." I began. Joyce's cold, soft hand touched my arm.

"Please, Mike. It won't be any use," she begged.

"Get out of here!" The old man growled, stepping to one side. "Go before I break you into quarters!"

"Try it — and you'll be mince meat," I answered. Now it didn't matter. Joyce was lost to me.

He pushed his daughter aside, came at me furiously, but whirled about when the Arab shouted and drew a knife.

Stevens spoke to him, and in that instant I hurried past him through the doorway. Let them settle their own score. My slugging him wasn't any use. It was over between me and Joyce. I was a bastard for letting her go, but I was very glad she had taken in Punishment Day.

MEN PAST 40

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Requiem For A Romance

Shanghai, 1948

And late one afternoon he watched her as she sat on the floor, leaning against the sofa, a smoking cigarette held loosely between her fingers. She had the face of a little boy. He watched the ashes on the end of her cigarette; she was not smoking and the ashes were growing. The smoke rose steadily and hurriedly, as if it hadn't much time, in a tall, thin, flowing line which, at a certain height, suddenly turned into a lot of nervous, frightened curlicues which grew larger and larger and finally disappeared.

She was barefooted, holding her one foot in her hand. Her shoes were lying turned over beside her on the floor.

The ashes were growing and bending slightly under their own delicate weight. The burning was almost to her fingers. He watched closely. It was destroying itself, rapidly, determinedly, accomplishing nothing. Then her hand moved slightly and the ashes fell.

She put out what remained of the cigarette, doing it thoroughly, leaving not a spark nor a thread of smoke. Then she looked at him.

"What has gone?" she asked.

He knew the answer but he waited a moment before he replied: "Oh, lots of things. The fire; the newness; the dreams; the fun; the things we used to talk about."

By ROBERT WALTER

"Is there anything left?"

"... yes."

"What?"

"What?" he repeated and was silent for a moment.

She looked at the side of his face, the sharp nose, the lips, the lean cheek, the thin neck, and when he turned towards her, at his round front face, and she thought: He looks like two entirely different people.

"What has been," he said.

"Is that enough?"

"It could be, I guess."

"But is it?"

"I do not know."

The electric heater which the house-boy had set up glowed orange in the dim, gray afternoon and filled the room with the smell of heat and burning dust.

Without another word, he had gone. She had watched him go to the closet, get his coat, put it on and disappear down the hall. At the door he stopped and lighted a cigarette (she heard him strike the match) and then the door opened and closed.

He would often walk alone for hours, sometimes all day, exploring the city, wandering into sections where no foreigners ever ventured. He was happiest when he was alone.

In a way, she thought, he was like a dog — wanting affection and something to come back to, contented while he was with her; but turn away for a moment, and he was off exploring new streets, accepting attention and friendliness, seeking nothing in particular, finding, by chance, another dog.

He did not love her; she knew that. He did not love anyone. Whatever he felt for her was not love. He could only love in a kind of brief, fragile way.

The orange glow of the heater grew steadily brighter in the darkening room. A sudden gust of wind shook the window, rattling dirt against the pane.

He once tried to explain it to her: "Why do we always insist on love? Perhaps love is not enough. Perhaps there is something else, something less than love, that is more important."

Her eyes rested upon a blue mottled

vase on the bookcase. It had two handles formed by horned lizards with huge feet and almost human heads crawling up the sides and staring at each other across the top. They clung there, motionless, more alive than anything in the room.

I would like to touch him once more, she thought, put my face against his, kiss his body, hold him, feel him breathing as he sleeps . . .

Her eyes remained upon the vase, watching it change color in the changing light, watching the two lizards clinging there, staring at each other forever across the emptiness.

He went to a little bar that he frequented on the second floor, above a photographer's studio. He called it Woo's Place. That was not the name of it, but that was what he called it because Woo was the name of the Chinese bartender there.

He sat at a table in front of the window. Outside it was nearly dark. In the street: people going home; passing voices; laughter; the screeching of carts; automobiles, caught in a web of rickshaws, trying to honk their way out; calls; the whining song of a beggar; the overcrowded streetcars clanking up Nanking Road. The noises that never end; the noises that outlive the people.

Woo came from behind the bar to serve him personally.

"How are you, Woo?" he asked.

Woo laughed. "Very O. K., thank you." He laughed again.

Some people came in and sat at the bar, and the French proprietor in the corner rattled his newspaper and Woo hurried back to the bar.

What was it? What was wrong with him? Nothing satisfied him. Nothing was ever enough. There was always a longing for something, something more, a wanting and not wanting, a craving that could never be fed, a continual unsatisfaction.

It had always been there.

He remembered even as a boy, at night, in bed, being lonely, hating the town, dreaming of someplace he never heard of, somebody he never knew. . . .

Outside, the street lights went on, and at the same time, almost as if it were turned on inside him along with the lights, he felt a sudden sadness for the whole scene and for everyone in it: for all the weary little people moving in one direction or the other on Nanking Road, each with his own destination; for the harmless, indestructible mass that had overrun the streetcars like a blight; for the lonely shapes being pulled along in rickshaws and for the little animal-people pulling them. And the thought came to him: They will all die; the streetcars will stand there, empty; and the rickshaws will sit idly, one behind the other, along the curb; and the big, gaudy, cloth signs above the shops will wave, unread, in the wind. And it will not matter. For somewhere else there will be little figures hurrying along streets, other signs hanging above other shops, other infested streetcars passing each other on their predetermined courses. Somewhere else life will be going on, so important and serious and full of meaning.

The people at the bar were noisy, laughing. The married couple at the next table sat holding their drinks, bored with each other, not knowing what to talk about.

He suddenly wanted her. He remembered her sitting there on the floor, remembered her face and the funny, hurt look when he left that almost made him laugh. He had to have her. He had to have her. Just to know she was his.

He quickly paid for his drink and waved good-by to Woo and hurried out. It was dark now as he made his way through the crowded street, almost running.

The place seemed large and empty now with her few things no longer there. Without removing his coat, he sat where he had sat earlier.

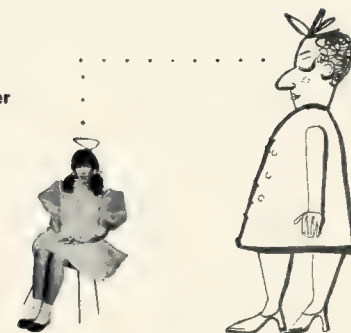
It was the same room. The light was different. The afternoon shadows were gone but new shadows from the lamp existed beside the chair and in front of the sofa where she had

(Continued on Page 52)



... to herself

... to her mother



(It's hard to believe, but Model Betty Page posed for *all* of these pictures, just to prove ESCAPADE's point. Bunny Yeager was the photographer.)

IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW

A Girl Is Just As Beautiful As She Looks ...



... to her hairdresser



... to her clergyman



(Continued on next page)



... to her grocer



... to her doctor



... to her saleslady

to the wolf on the corner

... to the fresh wolf
on the corner



She didn't know any fellows at first. So she — she asked me if I would help her out."

Carol stared at him, breathless. She couldn't believe it. That she and Marvin Kennedy were alone together away out here on the pond. That they were away out here on this little island among the tall flags and it was snowing so hard you couldn't see. And they were lying here together side by side, talking about a thing like this. But they were. And what he was telling her was true because he was telling her about himself and Jessie La Motte.

"What did you do?" Carol asked, and her voice sounded like somebody else.

Marvin smiled a masculine smile. Oh, she liked him for smiling like that. "Well — " He shrugged. "I helped her out."

"Did you want to?" (It was terrible to keep talking about things like this.)

"Not much. At first, I didn't."

"You didn't like her?"

"Sure. Not a lot. She's all right. But — gee, I was scared." He grinned sheepishly.

"But now you're not scared any longer?"

"Scared?" He smiled that way again. "It's grand, really. It — Carrie, it's swell."

"Then why is it your mother always tells you —"

"That's a lot of bunk. They tell you about Santa Claus, too. When you get older you learn the difference."

"But — afterwards, I mean. Didn't you feel terrible then?"

"Of course not. You feel wonderful. All glowy like."

"But I mean your — your conscience?"

"That's a lot of bunk, Carrie." His hand moved, ever so lightly, toward her left breast. Carol sighed, wistful. She wasn't afraid any longer. She looked down but did not move his hand. "I'd like to show you what it's like sometime, Carrie."

It was as if she couldn't speak at all.

"It would be wonderful. With you, it would."

She had stopped trembling. She felt warm all over. She lay happily with his arm around her, motionless, watching the swirling snow. And inside she felt the same way. Swirly. Reckless and uncaring.

"We'd better get along," He sat up. Her hand reached out and grabbed his hand and held it tight against her breast. He stared at her.

"Don't go," the words came thickly.

"I want you to — show me."

"You mean now?"

"Yes."

He seemed a bit frightened after all. "It's snowing, Carrie. It's getting worse."

She pressed his hand tighter. "I don't care," she said. "I don't care."

Darkness came early. Long before they reached home.

The snow did not let up. The path leading from the pond to the highway had been wiped out long ago. Stars winked above the white padded field. Carol kept watching the back of Marvin's neck, feeling a kinship with it, as he broke the way. The snow came half way to their knees. In fence-corners it was drifted waist-deep.

Her feet felt uncomfortable for having worn the skates so long. The skates made clanking sounds as they moved. It was odd how they both found time for silence. It was like waking up and finding yourself older, wiser. Carol thought, *It's almost like being married.*

Now she couldn't brag at school about her skating date with Marvin. If she bragged, the other girls might suspect. Girls were odd like that, like cats watching at a mouse hole, waiting for the least little thing to give you away. She couldn't even tell Jessie La Motte. She couldn't tell anybody. It was their secret. But she would have it to re-



member, always.

They were nearing home now. Carol wondered what Marvin was thinking? Did he think she was awful? Of course he would have to say he didn't think her awful. But even if he did think she was awful, she was glad it had happened. Even if she had a baby she would be glad it had happened. She hoped she wouldn't have a baby. Goodness!

At present nothing mattered except that she was happy, happy. She couldn't remember ever having been so happy. She felt as if her entire body had been dipped in liquid silk, and a thin coating of nylon had dried there, leaving her encased in a finely-spun cocoon, and it was a pleasure to have things touch it.

She wondered if she would look different? She felt different. As if her body now belonged to somebody else. Not a shut-up-inside-you feeling. But a spilled-over-touching-somebody-else feeling. Like being two persons at the same time.

Would her mother and the folks at home notice this new difference? She mustn't let them notice. She must hurry away to her room, tell them she had to study. But she would not study.

First she would bathe. Leisurely. In hot, hot water. When she towed herself she would look at herself — into her own eyes, mostly — before the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. The she would climb into bed and pull the chaste cold sheets up to her chin. She would shut her eyes, shivering a little. And nobody could tell what she was thinking.

It would be dark inside her room and it would be dark outside in the snow. Snow would be falling — in the front yard, in the school yard. Snow would be falling on Marvin's house, and away out there on the pond. Outside her window wind would pile the snow into peaked drifts. But she would be lying in bed, feeling new and different, feeling glowy, and the sheets would feel like silk against her skin.

She would not go to sleep at first. She would lie in bed with her eyes closed, listening to the wind. At first she would make herself think of other things. Then, just before sleep came, she would allow herself to think about what had happened away out there on the pond. What Marvin had said.

"That moment of moments — When ecstasy is turned to liquid and is spilled in a broken vial . . ." That was poetry. She must ask him who?

She wanted to remember every single detail. Everything.

There also has been considerable conjecture about the potency of cheese as a stimulant to certain relationships involving the male and female of the species. Many regard cheese as being on a par with oysters and raw eggs in this respect. While a lot of pragmatic probers scoff at this theory as being nothing but folk-lore, the enjoyment of cheese at any time cannot hurt anything and, pragmatists notwithstanding, there is no proof that it *doesn't* add to life's more earthly pleasures.

The photograph on this page is keyed to the color page on Page 29, and in it are represented a large variety of choice cheeses. As a part of our regular service to *Escapade's*, we offer herewith their names, qualities and uses.

1. This is aged **Provolone**, imported from Italy. Somewhat similar to Swiss cheese in color and texture, but without the familiar holes, this cheese is sharper than Swiss. It's good for eating at almost any time, but is favored particularly as an *hor d'oeuvre*.
2. This is a **Pear Provolone**. Provolone (of which Provolone is a diminutive) refers to the shape of this cheese, and there are many other Provolones. These cheeses are all similar, although not identical. They vary in sharpness and pungency.
3. This is a hundred-pound **Provolone**. Italian cheese fanciers believe that the larger the cheese, the finer the quality.
4. From Holland comes this **Edam**, bright in its coating of red wax. This is a richly hued (red-gold) cheese, sharp and flavorful and generally containing upward of forty per cent butterfat. A rich dessert cheese.
5. France sends us sharp, fungus-veined **Roquefort**, wonderful with after-dinner Cognac or *Café Royale*.
6. Here is a domestic product, and a delicious one. This is a **Blue** cheese (*Bleu* in France) somewhat similar to Roquefort but less sharp. Good for eating or for crumbling in your favorite oil-and-vinegar salad dressing.
7. Imported from Denmark, this **Blue** cheese is somewhat creamier in texture than the domestic Blue. Has the same uses, though.
8. This **Canestrato**, made from sheep's milk, is one of the main Italian grating cheeses. Like **Parmesan**, it is hard and dry, and is used for seasoning traditional Italian dishes. Good sprinkled over salad, too.
9. Another Parmesan-type of grating cheese, this **Asiago Vecchio** is used in the same way and for the

(Continued on Page 52)

WHAT TO DO WITH CHEESES

(Continued from Page 29)



CHEESES COURTESY RAN DIEGO IMPORT COMPANY

ANN BAKER

(Continued from Page 26)

veries, Ann moved pretty fast but without applying much of the usual show business pressure. She hadn't actually come to Southern California for a career, but to visit with several of her brothers and sisters who now reside in the San Fernando Valley. It was a long visit. She's been there ever since.

"I honestly can't say I was so fascinated with Hollywood," Ann says. "But I loved the Valley and the beautiful sunny weather. People kid about California weather, but I think it's wonderful. I love to swim and sail and play tennis, the outdoor things you can do here all year 'round."

In those early days, when she decided that a career in modeling might provide the wherewithal to support her in the sunshine, the first met photographer Sam Wu. That was a big help, for Sammy, as she calls him, had a lot of important contacts and helped her to become established as a model for pretty girl ads and magazine covers. She's been on the cover of more than 50 national magazines.

Another man who has given Ann a great deal of help was John Morley, a well-regarded drama coach, who took her under his wing in preparation for appearances — usually brief — in TV and the movies. Ann still studies with Morley, who considers her his star pupil.

For a time, Ann lived at the famed Hollywood Studio Club, which has traditionally provided a haven for the film city's loveliest young aspirants. There she met and became friendly with a number of starlets who knew the Hollywood ropes, and she really began to feel at home.

Before she was signed by Ziv Productions for the Corliss Archer role, Ann had feature parts in MGM's "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers" and in "Panther Squadron" and "Flight Nurse."

One by-product of the Corliss Archer series was the identification of Ann, in the minds of many fans, as a perennial teen-ager. One of the biggest tasks she has set herself today is her transformation into an adult personality. And we can assure any sweet old ladies who are Corliss Archer fans and who also happen to read *Escape* that Ann has accomplished the transformation with *clat* and without any perceptible loss of her natural, sweet charm.

We predict that the old ladies will continue to love Ann Baker. So will the crew-cut lads with Windsor knots and narrow lapels. And so will we!

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Ed Sale, Studio 6305-N, Brooklyn Beach, N. J.

- same purposes, but is much sharper.
10. From Switzerland comes this 230-pound wheel of pale-gold, smooth-textured **Swiss** cheese, marked by the familiar holes which are the trails of bacteria cultures used in aging this ever-popular dairy food.
 11. The best way to enjoy this creamy, mild **Jack** cheese from Monterey, California, is to tear off big chunks and eat it straight, or accompanied by a glass of cold milk.
 12. **Salami Provolone**, a "bitey" Italian import similar to the other Provolones.
 13. Cheese connoisseurs dote on this gold-red, sharp **Gouda** from Holland, one of the finest eating cheese known. Like the English Stiltons, it is sometimes aged in wine for added richness and flavor. Strictly for eating — anytime.
 14. This **Romano** is another grating cheese from Italy, remarkable for its sharpness. Italians like it, but most Americans not of Italian descent find it too strong. A developed taste is required.
 15. This is **Cascavallo**, or Horse cheese (no one seems to know why it's called that) from Italy. Made of cow's milk, it is sharper than most eating cheeses of its type, despite its light color. This cheese has an odd, stringy consistency. Strictly for adventurers.
 16. New York state is the home of this black-rind **Martin Cheddar**-type cheese. This is a richly colored (vivid yellow), well-aged, moderately sharp cheese used for eating or cooking. It makes a delicious rarebit sauce.
 17. Another Italian **Provolone**, this one weighing a hundred pounds.
 18. This **Gorgonzola**, imported from Italy, is one of the sharpest and most pungent of the Blue cheeses. It has a strong odor, but that doesn't deter *gourmets*.
 19. Here's an odd, but very delicious cheese from Norway. It's a **Nokkel-ost**, a creamy, soft cheese, to which the Norwegians add caraway seeds, cloves or other tasty tidbits during the curing process. It is not a very sharp cheese, but it has a rich, distinctive flavor (or flavors).
 20. If you're planning to make pizza at home, you'll need some of this **Mozzarella**, or Pizza, cheese. This soft-textured white cheese

is also used in a wide variety of traditional Italian recipes.

21. This mild, creamy **Bel Paese** is delightful spread on crackers or hard biscuits. It is of the **Camembert** (French) family, but milder. However, it can get stronger if properly aged. *Gourmets* like it when a dark mould begins to form.
22. Here's another **Edam**. Of course, one of the finest eating cheeses known.
23. This imported Italian grating cheese is called **Ricotta Salata**, and it's made from either goat or sheep milk. If **Romano** is too strong for you, skip this one—it's even stronger. And saltier, too.

Not included in the picture, but admirable cheeses nevertheless, are such standards as **Stilton**, from England; **Port de Salut**, a "soft, stinky" delicacy from France, and the noble **Limburgers** and **Leiderkranzes** from Germany. The German cheeses are remarkable for their combination of frightening aroma and delicious taste, and good burghers have sworn by them for years as an aid to digestion.

Gjetest, made in Norway from goat milk, is considered by many physicians to be one of the most healthful of all foods and it has been recommended to patients with various ailments. It tastes a lot better than Yogurt, too.

Wine goes with cheese like ham goes with eggs. Many *gourmets* like wines that contrast in taste with the cheese; for example, they'll choose a sweet port with a strong Stilton. But generally speaking, a safe rule is to choose a wine having body and color similar to the cheese you're eating; that is, a light, dry white wine with mild, pale cheeses of the Swiss or Provolone type, and rich, red dry or sweet wines with the Edams and Cheddars.

Of course, you should drink nothing but imported German or Danish lager beer with cheeses of the Limburger family. And, don't forget, cognac with the Bleus!

REQUIEM FOR ROMANCE

(Continued from Page 45)

leaned, holding her foot in her hand, her shoes lying turned over beside her. The same books rested on the table. The fallen ashes still lay on the carpet. And the ghosts of countless dead cigarettes hung in the air.

And it was all a moment lost. When? That afternoon, last night, a month or

two hundred years ago. It is all the same. The place and the props remain, but the moment, itself, exists now only in two memories.

Still wearing his coat, he went from room to room as if to find something she might have left behind. But there was nothing; nothing but a trace of powder on the bathroom sink. He wiped it away with his finger.

Back in the living room, he stood for a long while perfectly still, looking at the floor, thinking.

He had wanted it to be more, yet he had known that it could not be. There was something within him, jealous of all attachments, something that would never let him give himself completely.

He looked up then and saw the telephone. He and the telephone stared at each other. He went over to it, picked up the receiver and asked for her number. He heard it ringing at the other end. It rang for a long time, but no one answered. He hung up.

As he was leaving the house, a coolie came strolling by, leading an empty rickshaw.

"Hello rickshaw!" the coolie called and hurried towards him.

He got in the rickshaw, and the coolie stood there, awaiting directions. "Just go," he said. "Anywhere. Anywhere you want."

The coolie turned and looked at him, confused.

"Oh, that way," he said, pointing straight ahead.

The coolie started, then stopped and looked back at him and smiled. He was very young. "Nice girl?" he asked.

He smiled at the coolie and shook his head.

"Very young. Very pretty," said the coolie.

He shook his head again, and the coolie started down the street.

Riding along block after block in the cold night air that was filled with the smells and sounds that were still unfamiliar to him, going in one direction, then another, down the narrow, winding streets, he had a sudden, wonderful feeling of release, of not needing to justify himself. He was reminded of the time, long ago, when he threw out a box of old letters and Christmas cards and programs, things that he had been saving for years, and afterwards had this same feeling of freeness.

"That way," he said to the coolie.

And as they went along in the darkness, the coolie's sandaled feet made a regular, unbroken slapping upon the paved streets.



"I stop here every year just for laughs!"

She stopped before the great iron-bound doors which closed the entrance to one of the more grimly formidable looking buildings. Unlocking a smaller door cut into one of these great doors, she motioned Bill to enter ahead of her.

He found himself in a stone vaulted passage very much like the one he had caught a glimpse of earlier in the evening. Here also was a courtyard with a tinkling fountain in the center and beds of tropical plants. A winding stone stairway led up from the right of the passage.

"What do I do now?" asked Bill.

"The lady is waiting on the gallery," said the Negress.

He climbed the stairs. They opened on a gallery which extended along two sides of the courtyard.

Sitting at a table apparently arranged for an intimate supper for two, under the giant fronds of a banana tree, was a girl. She was young and lovely, with dusky hair and inviting eyes.

Bill glanced from her to the monogrammed silver and linen. Neither the girl nor her surroundings quite fitted in with what he expected. It occurred to him that he might have been mistaken for someone else, though the

girl gave no indication of this by her manner.

"Am I the right person?" he asked, tentatively.

She smiled as she surveyed him through half closed eyes.

"I think you'll do."

"I'm not quite sure I understand," said Bill, still feeling his way.

"Explanations are stupid," she said.

"Still, if you insist—"

"I'm just curious. You see, I'm a stranger here. Probably everything would be obvious to a native."

"It's really very simple," she said, raising her eyebrows. "I was bored tonight. I told Julie to go out and find me a beautiful, reckless young man."

Bill felt himself flushing. "I'm afraid you flatter me. Incidentally, why the specifications?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Young men fall in love easily. I told you I was bored tonight. I want to be amused."

"I think any man would fall in love with you very easily," said Bill.

"Do you? How sweet of you. I never enjoy being made love to by unattractive men. That's because I'm a Creole, I suppose. All our men are good looking."

Bill grinned a little cynically. She was being pretty obvious, after all.

"Why the 'reckless' qualification?" he asked. "Is it dangerous to love you?"

"Oh yes. My husband is very jealous. He would kill you if he found us together."

Bill stared at her in sudden suspicion. "Any chance of his coming home unexpectedly?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I can't ever tell. He doesn't trust me."

"I don't know that I blame him for that," said Bill. "I think I'll be going while the going's good."

"You'd better if you're afraid," said the girl scornfully. "You won't be amusing."

Bill hesitated. He looked around the luxuriously furnished gallery and at the silver and linen on the table. It certainly was an unusual setting for the sort of game he suspected. Besides, why tell him of the husband in advance? He glanced again at the girl who was gazing at him speculatively. She was extraordinarily fascinating. He had never even imagined anyone quite like her.

"Are you serious about your husband being jealous?" he asked. "I thought that sort of thing was out of date nowadays."

"Not in New Orleans. The men here



DENTAL ESCAPE

There was a young girl from Athlone
Who went to the dentist alone.
He, in his depravity,
Filled the wrong cavity.
My gosh, how his practice has grown!

do as they please but they are terribly old-fashioned about their women."

"And the women do as they please too, if they can get away with it, I judge."

"Of course. Don't they everywhere?"

"I don't know. I guess I don't know much about women. You say if your husband found us together he'd kill me. What would he do — just come up and shoot me?"

"He'd make you fight a duel down in the courtyard."

"Fight a duel!" Bill exclaimed. "I don't suppose you're joking, by any chance, are you?"

"Indeed, I am perfectly serious."

"Suppose I refused to fight?"

"Then he would probably shoot you."

"Wouldn't he be arrested for murder if he did that?"

The girl shook her head. "The law here never touches a man who kills his wife's lover."

"Suppose we fought a duel and I killed him, wouldn't it touch me either?"

"I don't believe you'd have a chance to find out. He's such a wonderful shot and swordsman."

"Well, my dear," said Bill, "you are perfectly charming and I should love to stay and make love to you, but something tells me your husband would appear at the wrong time. I'm going. Thanks so much for a pleasant interlude."

He rose from the table, wondering whether he would get away without any trouble.

"I guess not," he said to himself. The Negress came running into the gallery. She hurried to the girl and whispered in her ear.

"Wait!" exclaimed the girl. "Julie says my husband is coming. You'll meet him if you try to leave the house."

(Continued on Page 57)

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COOLER JAZZ (Continued from Page 42)

number of instruments ranging from the trumpet, trombone and mellophone to the vibraphone and bongos. He has merit as an arranger and composer and evidence of his highly effective efforts is preserved on RCA-Victor's "The Don Elliott Quintet," in which, backed by Ralph Martin, piano; Joe Puma, guitar; Mort Herbert, bass, and Jimmy Campbell, drums, his versions of "Imagination" and "There Will Never Be Another You" have emerged as classics of their kind.

The cerebral quality of the new sound is perhaps best exemplified by Trumpeter Pete Rugolo, who studied piano and French horn with Darius Milhaud and was for a lengthy spell chief arranger for Kenton. His Columbia album, including such fine things as "Come Back, Little Rocker," "Early Stan," "Theme From the Lombardo Ending" and others sets a very high standard.

Then there are the many great things Brubeck has done, and Kenton, and Diz, and Woody's Fourth Herd. It is possible to go on and on.

But most of the evidence is in. Enough, at least, to justify a prediction.

In 1956, there will be all kinds of music. There will be choirs and echo chambers. There will be little girl vocalists, pouring their infantile yearnings and pseudo sex-appeal into microphones; there will be blue-jeaned droppers of dimes into jukeboxes, fishing for a cowboy's pathetic lament; there will be some good swing, some fine old Blues; there will also be the remnants of rock-and-roll and rhythm-and-blues.

But for the sharper and more sophisticated set, which includes these days an ever-growing percentage of the youthful population, the climate will be cooler. The new music is an adventurous, realistic, driving and exciting music, and to the alert ear the older forms bring no comparable excitement.

The new music is for those who instinctively veer away from the monotonous, the vulgar and the phony; who are embarrassed by cheap or false sentiment; who get their jollies from color and drive and clear-eyed honesty; who appreciate advanced techniques, and the beauty that derives from environment.

So, here we go:
1956 Jazz Forecast: Cooler.



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OFF YOUR KNEES (Continued from Page 17)

with the expression of a cow about to spill the cookies, he will irrelevantly remark, "What do you know? She smiled at me in my dreams last night."

He has gotten down on all four, chased the fly of reason with a swish of his tail and recanted what he knows to be the truth. He whines, whimpers and crawls for that which Nature makes so palatable.

The upward of sixty million women with capped teeth will tug at their girdles and dismiss this as the hysterical screamings of a perverted misogynist. Maybel But, consider the current crop of blighted peaches.

As little girls, they start to exploit men. The twentieth century Eve is the way she is because she is encouraged to be so by a doting father who goes around making a complete ass of himself by asking such inept questions as, "Whose little girl are you?" Any damn fool woman-child knows that this question has no wrong answer. An admission that this inquisitive idiot has sired her brings a certain reward. But, a sinister silence or an evasive smile guarantees that a more generous gift will be offered to bring about the desired, if shameful, acknowledgement.

This carries over to her relationship with the little boy next door. She chews all of the flavor out of his bubble gum and then commands him to wear it on the end of his nose as a badge of servitude. She licks his ice cream cone right down to the cracker and then consumes the cracker. Her favorite game is the one in which she is the princess in the tower and he is the manure-stained serf worshipping her from afar.

As an adolescent, she spends a good deal of time resting on an anesthetized hip thumbing through movie and love magazines. On warm summer afternoons she dreams wild dreams in which she clips the curls from the toupee of the leading matinee idol of the day, an action which results in his becoming her slave. And life is one frenzied caprice. Should she have him bullwhipped by a naked Nubian giant or should she grant him bedroom privileges?

As a young lady "coming out" she blithely re-routes the money that was intended for pop's new uppers and attends something called "a charm school." There she is taught a certain set of artifices — walk tall, flash your teeth, throw out your chest and always keep men guessing. Superfluous advice — most of it was instinctive

when she was just a gleam in her sunken-checked daddy's eye.

To give credit where credit is due, she does throw out a mean chest and it comes as a surprise to no one that in reeling it back one day she has said "yes" to a chap who spends the rest of his life trying to remember the question.

The man that she marries may not be all that she finds admirable in a mate but he has the most sought after characteristic — he is malleable. The echoes of the "I dos" have scarcely died when she starts to work — a willful child with a hammer. But, the unforeseen occurs. Her husband, in a fit of blind drunkenness, or in a moment of "let the devil take the hindmost," or simply because he has been reared a pig without reverence for women, does a little hammering himself. He sets the stage for women's role of martyred motherhood.

Motherhood is a noble thing. It's the bread and butter of a score of falsetto Irish tenors and what makes it possible for a tuncsmith to live on Park Avenue while the woman who bore him occupies a one-room cold-water flat on Tenth. But truth is truth. Cooks *par excellence* and ginger-peachy in so many respects, mothers usually don't know beans about the fields of behavior and thought they try so hard to control.

"I'm a mother" is the *cave blanc* statement of any female who feels moved by the spirit of Carrie Nation. Tight-lipped with inhibitions they have distorted into virtues, they swoop down on newsstands to demand the removal of "filthy magazines," picket burlesque and foreign movie houses and write letters to the editor about girls walking the streets in shorts.

In summing up, must the inevitable conclusion be that "All women are monsters?" Not at all! Girls are basically fair. They fully expect to enter the exalted state of matrimony as 60-40 partners and, when one considers that they are immaculate to the extent of having hairless armpits, this isn't a bad ratio.

No, rather than ostracize women, we men should go to the high stool in the corner and sit with our faces to the wall. We have let a few inches of our anatomy wag the entire man.

It is up to us to re-educate women. As husbands, we've been nothing but an overgrown bunch of voyeurists. We must, once more, get into a vertical position, suck in our guts, hitch up our

jocks and remember that we have hair on our chins and our chests. Where we have substituted whining and cajolery for manly assertiveness we must now do an about-face and take vigorous possession of our chatels. We must show women how to be women. By pleading for and buying that which Nature intended us to enjoy gratuitously we are keeping women from their destiny. We cheat and are cheated.



MICE (Continued from Page 37)

mas, pennants and other campus mementoes should be assigned to the trunk or the incinerator.

A well-furnished apartment is the first serious step in a young bachelor's life. A firm grasp of the elementary principles and a knowledge of the basic ingredients will go a long way toward assuring his ultimate success in the battle of the sexes.

We are of the theory that a house is not a home without a bar. Nothing gladdens the heart more than an attractive, well-stocked bar . . . or makes a young man feel more at home when at home. A mite expensive, perhaps, but an absolute necessity. Don't compromise for a mere counter and a few token stools. Shoot the works: mirrors, indirect lighting, canopy, foot rail, running water, crushed ice, etc.

An apartment without facilities for the reproduction of recorded music is unthinkable. Again, personal taste will govern your album collection. But, for the lady friends, several LP albums of unobtrusive background music should always be available. Appropriate mood music is easy to find in the record stores these days. If you can't read between the lines on the cover titles, the pictures will tell the story.

Books are important, too . . . to read, fill book shelves and to impress. A few classics will establish you an intellect of sorts; the smart modern volumes will lend credence to your claims to sophistication. You can even brown-paper-cover your more exotic literature for your select guests.

The kitchen should always be well-stocked with appropriate items for late snacks and breakfasts . . . (any questions?)

And last, but not least, always be a gracious host. A woman has a right to be made at home.



Quick, I'll take you to my room; you can hide there till he goes."

Bill laughed grimly. "Nothing doing. Your little game won't work, my dear. We'll have the showdown right here."

"You think you can explain to him?" asked the girl, her eyes widening. "I told you he is very jealous and he has a violent temper. However, suit yourself. If you prefer to be killed . . ."

She sat down again while Bill waited, standing facing the stairs. A minute later a saturnine looking man of about forty-five appeared in the doorway.

He paused, frowning, when he saw Bill, then came forward and bowed.

"Another of your lovers, Adèle?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why should you care whether he is my lover or not?"

"But you love so many men," he

complained. "It becomes tiresome."

"I never saw the lady till an hour ago," interrupted Bill.

The man raised his eyebrows sceptically. "Other men have considered an hour with Adèle worth risking their lives for. However, we will not discuss the matter. It is permissible here for a man to shoot his wife's lover like a dog. I shall not do that. I shall give you a sporting chance. You are young and being my wife's lover is doubtless an exciting amusement, even if it is a dangerous one. We will fight a duel here in the courtyard. One of us will die, the other will have Adèle."

Bill was amused. It was a new variation of the old game. He realized he wouldn't have any trouble handling the smaller man if it came to a showdown, but he was convinced that a

showdown was the last thing they wanted. If the bluff worked and he consented to pay blackmail, well and good. If not, better luck with the next victim.

He glanced again at the girl who hadn't moved from her chair. She undoubtedly was extraordinarily fascinating. Why not go through with it, even if it cost him something? He could always call the bluff if the man demanded too much. He decided to do a little play acting and find out.

"Are you serious about a duel?" he asked the man who was now studying him speculatively.

"Perfectly serious. As the challenged party, you have the choice of weapons."

"See here, I told you I never saw your wife till an hour ago. If you insist on fighting, I'll give you some reason for it. You leave me alone with her till morning and we'll have the duel then."

Bill thought there was a glint of amusement in the husband's eyes, but he said sternly, "We'll fight now. Do you choose swords or pistols?"

The girl had been watching the scene as if she were a disinterested spectator. She now bent down and lifting her skirt, stripped a jewelled garter from a slender leg. She slipped it on Bill's arm.

"Wear it for luck," she said. She threw her arms around his neck and, pressing him close, whispered in his ear. "Offer him money."

"Swords or pistols, my dear sir?" repeated the husband impatiently.

"How about a check?" asked Bill.

He was in a Florida bound plane.

"Romantic city, hell," said the passenger in the adjoining seat. "Just like any other town."

"Think so?" Bill casually took two jewelled garters from an inner pocket. "Souvenirs of the city."

"Mighty pretty," said his fellow passenger, staring at them. "How'd you get 'em?"

"A lady gave me one. I bought the other from her husband."

"From the husband, eh? Pretty expensive, I imagine."

"Cheap at the price," said Bill, grinning reminiscently. "Darned cheap at the price."



"I found this one by just standing on a corner and whistling."

ESCAPADES IN WAX

By Joey Sasso



POPULAR:

Everytime we hear a Glenn Miller recording our memory starts swimming free-style back to those Air Force dances we were so addicted to a little over 12 years ago. Miller was king then and he purveyed a type of musical magnetism that could only be described as "overwhelming". We just finished spinning the latest album in the Limited Edition series of Glenn Miller Music ("Army Air Force Band" on RCA Victor) and, frankly, we're just as responsive and receptive to Music by Miller now as we were in our impressionable army-fatigue years. This five LP package is a king-sized session of over 60 big-band arrangements of Miller favorites taken "live" from his "I Sustain The Wings" radio series. It's all here. The excellent beat you remember so well — the wide and flexible musical scope of the whole group — and the impressive impact of the Miller Sound. There's enough good music here to give your nostalgia a jet-assist take-off. Be sure to pick up on this one and keep it handy. Bring it out again when you want to relive those pleasant moments from the past. It will do more for your well-being than a couple of nightcaps.

We usually approach every Sylvia Syms release with much of the anticipation we would get with a night on the town with Gina. Her newest album — "Sylvia Syms Sings" on Decca — was no exception. We just left her side with the honor-bound promise that we would return to her many times in the cold winter evenings ahead. Although the material in this set is new, the type of music, virtually tailored to the Syms Treatment, remains happily the same. Here are the more sophisticated love songs — both dry and sweet — of composers like Arthur Schwartz, Kurt Weill, Harold Arlen and Cole Porter. Real intimate stuff here that glows well with soft lights, hard determination, a soul mate and a decanter of cheer. The "Black

Orchid", as the smart-money boys call her, sings in a rich, soft-pitched style that comes on with effortless charm. This album, for our dough, is the neatest bit of vocal seduction we've submitted to in many a moon.

To those in the know, Al Hibbler was almost Parnassian when it came to distinctive singing. His esoteric following unfortunately wasn't vocal enough to get a rise out of the influential pop music enthusiast: that individual who could, if he



wanted to, keep Hibbler up with the more affluent Fishers and Bennetts. Fortunately, in recent months, Hibbler has broken the sound barrier and has been "discovered" by the non-jazz record buyer. His latest album, "Melodies by Al Hibbler" on the Marterry label, should make his stock rise even higher with his new-found audience. We hear Hibbler in this set just as he has always sounded singing standards ("Poor Butterfly", "Solitude"); blues ("Feather Roll Blues"); and swing numbers ("Fat and Forty") in grand fashion. He's happy, reflective and sometimes reverent on these sides and should reveal to the newer fans the many facets of this old pro from long ago who finally found a home.

JAZZ:

Here's a potpourri of jazz mood music ("Mood For 12" on Columbia) that features 12 leading Hollywood studio men, all of whom are up to their Van Dyke's in heavy jazz backgrounds. The soloists, who all improvise on one tune apiece, include Babe Russin, Bill Schaefer, Paul Smith, Barney Kessel, Eddie Miller, Ted Nash, Matty Matlock, George Van Eps, Joe Howard, Stanley Wrightman and Ziggy Elman. Paul Weston, whom we might now consider the Andre Kostelanetz of jazz groups, should come in for much hand-clapping for this package. The solos are tasty and up to hear in musicianship. If this is a trend in jazz mood albums, we'd like to hear more of the same. It's refreshing to come across an album in the so-called mood category that isn't obviously contrived like many of the music-to-do-something-or-other types that have gotten a lot of mileage of late.

The Chico Hamilton Quintet out on their newest Pacific Jazz Album (LP PJ-1209) invited us in for one of the most stimulating and uniquely inventive recordings we laid an ear to in recent weeks. If this sounds like we're cheering, dad, you're right. Here you'll find uncommonly good musicianship, especially on the part of Buddy Collette, who in many inspired moments, fingers the flute, clarinet, tenor and alto. Jim Hall, on guitar; Fred Katz, cello; Carson Smith, bass; and Hamilton, on drums; all come in for well-deserved kudos. The group has what Arthur Godfrey would call "empathy", but each individual expresses his own cause quite articulately. We were impressed with the high technical skills this set contains and blissfully enjoyed the sound of good, uninhibited jazz. We would say that this outstanding package delivers more than it promises.



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